TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

I see a great many other people I have had a ride in the cars during the holidays, and the idea struck me that the people who sit in the smoker are pretty much the same whenever a person happens to get among them. You always find a couple of young farmers who have been away somewhere for a week or a month, and are coming home with wonderful stories of adventure to relate—with a few glasses of cheerful beer under their vests and feeling like "devilish devils," as Joseph felt in the play of that name after he had taken his first thimbleful of champagne. They talk in a loud voice about their fights and big drunks, until a person unfamiliar with their class would feel like jumping in terror from the swift-rushing train to escape the company of such desperadoes. But bless your heart, those fellows are harmless and as tame as the wooden rooster on their father's barn at home. They talk loudly of wild and vicious deeds, not because they are really wild and vicious, but in order to appall other passengers who are supposed to be listening in awe and wonderment. They want to show the gambler with the plug hat and diamond ring that they are not a bit scared of him and are just as wild and awful as he is, no matter where he comes from and no matter how many revolver bullets may be rusting inside his person. The real nut-shell faktr and card shark tries in vain to look like a minister, while these simple-hearted young fellows by contortions of face try to make home-made butter look like nitro glycerine. They spoil the butter somewhat, but fail to make it look like an earth-smashing explosive. If the gambler produces a cigar they fish out cigars, and through puffing smoke look at him with an expression that dares him to keep up smoking and see who will get sick first. If he pulls out a skull cap and puts it on, you would think that would floor them; but no, one of them stoops down, pulls off his long boots and tilts his sock feet over the back of the seat, or puts them into the window, or tries to wriggle his toes into the hat rack on the wall. The way they bluffed that gambler and stuffed that car of people will afford them material for stuffing the natives of their township all winter. If there were no more dangerous persons in the world than these it would be an infinitely better place to live in, all the same.

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There, too, a somewhat similar figure, is the young man just getting home from the North-West, where he has been for a year or two. He is cram-full of the new country and good-naturedly anxious to rehearse the story of blizzards and prairies and thousand-acres-all-under-wheat, with which he will astound the excited crowd of relatives and neighbors who are awaiting him at a little side station. The nearer home he gets the more anxious he becomes to relate his experiences and get his climaxes properly arranged to adorn the progress of the narrative. No one is more anxious than he to find the train making a fast run, and no man on the whole length of crowded cars will meet a more hearty and honest welcome at the finish of his trip. He need not bother rehearsing the story of his travels, for he will come before an audience that is all heart and ready to evince delight, amazement, incredulity (the latter merely because they see he expects incredulity and has his proofs handy) or any mood his tale may call for. They will laugh or shed tears or put on the kettle again at the slightest hint from his bright eye, and whatever is done will be done with a good will and heartiness seen nowhere on earth outside a farm-house. Often these young fellows are the scouts sent out by a settlement or a family to prospect for a new home in the new land, and the tale they bring back decides whether the fight shall be continued in Ontario or a prairie home be taken up. The Government may report what it pleases in blue books and pamphlets, and the daily and weekly news papers may print whole acres of information about the North-West, but the farmers will continue to rest almost entirely upon the reports brought home by young men sent out as forerunners. The Government of the North-West, the municipal authorities up there and the C. P. R. should seriously study this fact, for there is meat in its kernel for them. The returning wanderer whom one sees on the train reports on the West according to the way it used him. Whether it is the finest country in the world or a shabby failure of wind-swept prairie, depends entirely upon his individual success or failure while up there. My man said he would advise no person who had a farm in Ontario to sell and move out, but he thought it a great country for a numerous family of sons or brothers possessing nothing but strong arms and lots of energy. He was right, and the North-West is slowly filling up with men of energy.

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A group of three men got together in a corner of the car and began talking of a lottery in which horses were the prizes. They were unanimous in declaring that such crooked things as lotteries should be suppressed by law, that their effect was pernicious, for they induce people to spend money without getting any return. These institutions were all alike in rottenness and crookedness, and no person had a chance of winning unless he was in the ring and had a pull. It was refreshing to hear three men speaking so soundly on such a question. But what was my amazement to discover presently by the admission of these moralists, that they each had held tickets in the last drawing of the very lottery under discussion, but "of course won nothing in such a crooked business." Their morals had not become exalted until other people won the prizes. They cried down the existence of the ring and the pull because they could not find entrance to the ring and could not get their hands upon the ropes. This is about the size of most people. When you bore right down to the rock bottom you find that they regard it as a sin to lose money at gambling. It is the financial wreck of the loser, not the moral depravity of the winner that constitutes the horrible example which warns people away from the gaming table. If everybody could win, all men would gamble night and day. The prevalent feeling of horror against games of chance is inspired by the chance to lose which accompanies the chance to win and makes the whole business sinful and wicked beyond words.

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A very common yet interesting character thrust himself upon the attention of everyone in the car as the train pulled out of Stratford for Toronto. He had just climbed aboard and the conductor discovered that his ticket was for London instead of Toronto. The official hurriedly informed him that he was on the wrong train and offered to slow up and let him off, but the passenger flared up and said he was going to Toronto, that he had asked for a ticket for that city, had received the piece of pasteboard on exhibition and was going to travel on it in spite of all the conductors between here and Tophet. The official was very polite but firm, and urged the man to pay his fare now and straighten the mistake on his return, but the passenger would do nothing of the sort. Then the bell was pulled, the train slowed up, and the man was again asked if he would pay his fare. He enquired how much it would be, and then said in the awful tones of the hero of melodrama that he would pay his fare, that he was just the man who could pay his fare, and was not like a man who had not money enough to pay it as often as the Grand Trunk could afford to hire a man to ask him to pay his fare. But, mind you, the Grand Trunk could not monkey with him; he was not a man to be monkeyed with; he looked like a green cuss, but any railroad that took him for a green cornstalk would find that he was a sky-rocket from the other side of the mountain, by gosh! He'd been around some and the Grand Trunk would pay for this, you bet, and the conductor would sweat pails of rain water before he was much older. As the conductor made out a ticket he remarked that during his sixty years of life he had run across sky-rockets frequently and was not easily frightened. Then the passenger grew more furious still and said that anyone who supposed that there were two of him in this country was mistaken and would find out the difference inside twenty-four hours; that he knew when he was being walked on; that he would fight the case through every court in the land, as he had the money to do it with, and could buy out the blooming railroad twice over if it came to that, although he did not look like much. The expletives and adjectives used are mine. For newspaper purposes I prefer my own to those employed by the angry man. When he said that he did not look like the billionaire he professed to be the onlookers must have given prompt mental acquiescence, for he wore a peaked cloth cap, a faded oil-cloth coat from the pocket of which protruded a large lunch, while on his face stood the stubble of a whisker that had been harvested a fortnight previously. There is not the least doubt in my mind but that the terrific unknown was convinced that he was the victim of a great injustice, but at the same time I am satisfied that he was so rattled by the new experience of going a journey on the cars that he asked for a London instead of a Toronto ticket. All this week I have clutched the morning papers with feverish haste to see if the Grand Trunk had gone out of the railroad business, or if a gray-haired conductor had been dismissed, beggared and contrite, from his position. So far nothing has occurred, and the calm impresses me as ominous. The billionaire must be perfecting the details of his crushing vengeance. Let the officials of the road be warned in time that a man of boundless wealth, wearing a peaked cloth cap, a faded oil-cloth coat in the left-hand pocket of which must still be a portion of a home-made lunch, is after the Grand Trunk, sworn to stop its every wheel, impoverish its every conductor and make rust gather on every rail wherever its system extends.

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The newspapers say that Lizzie Borden, the girl whose sensational trial on a charge of murdering her parents has aroused an interest the world over, spent a very cheerless Christmas, being visited by none, remembered by none in the way of presents and forced to eat prison fare only for her dinner. If the girl is guilty and sane, surely the day and its early associations must have filled her with remorse and dried up the very moisture of her heart. As she sat alone in her stone cell, plagued with her unpleasant thoughts, the recollection of early Christmas days must have flooded upon her. I can conceive of no sane woman so wicked as to be memory-proof when left in solitude on such a day. If she were innocent her day would be scarcely less full of grief, for the scenes of her youth would revive in her mind, and each little kindness and love-touch of her murdered parents would be felt over again. Then in dismay she would realize, what soft recollections had temporarily obscured, that in the eyes of the world she was the slayer of these parents. More condemnatory, in my mind, than the circumstantial evidence built up by the detectives, is the calmness of the girl in her serious position. If she would just break right down and risk her life on one good spell of weeping over her own perils and the tragic fate of those nearest her on earth, she would thereby prove herself a woman and not a fiend. She is peculiar enough to be suspected of an atrocity. If the innermost history of the Borden home could be written and read the world over, it would do more good to mankind than any book of sermons ever published. It would effect enormous results, that is, if those who read it would thereby be induced to avoid the love-killing home habits therein exposed. The same practices may not always result in parricide, but murder is not the most demoralizing issue from a home where meanness, distrust, spites, miserliness and all uncharitableness dwell. Murder gives a sudden and bloody conclusion to an unlovely state of existence—a hanging, and the whole miserable connection is gone to the silent beyond. Where no murder results, greater damage may ensue to society at large, for that one snarling, hateful family may inject its poison into a dozen other families and make life a curse and a burden to hundreds. Morose and vicious-tempered children may transmit vice and ugliness of heart to their children and a numerous race of human porcupines be thus created to barb and bite.

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What was the miserable little heap of money gathered by the Bordens that it should have been hoarded at the sacrifice of every little home comfort? Why should people smother every little sentiment, sap every tiny well-spring of the heart, and strangle every small vanity incident to nature, in the accumulation of wealth? Money is merely a medium of purchase. Begone! say I, to any system that would starve the soul now that it may be glutted next year. The soul may be beyond the reach of earthly gratification before its canny owner feels rich enough to feed it; or it may have become shrivelled and incapable of enjoyment. A man should make provision for the future if he can, but the future has no claim upon him until the present has had its prior claim satisfied. The day you work has first lien on what you earn. Yet we see people hugging a bag of dirty dollars to their hungry bosoms, afraid to laugh lest it shall crack the parchment of their faces, afraid to smile lest it shall attract a beggar, and thus grinding and whining and looking to an impalpable future for comforts that they might enjoy all through life, they live in a state of unrest and die ungratified. Then the lawyers, the courts and the heirs make a scramble for their little piles and toss in the air the chaff for which they made their existence miserable. What a perverted life for a man to live! Better that one should be cosy all the way along than that he should grub and stint for fifty years and then blossom into affluence; better for himself, better for all connected with him and better for society at large. There is something pathetic in the efforts of a grubber at three score to crowd into his latter days the comforts he denied himself when younger. Champagne strangles him, lobster confronts him with a look of reproach and claws at his conscience all through the wretched night; rich clothes embarrass him, travel fatigues him, idleness bores him and all the pleasures he had looked forward to turn to ashes on his tongue. Unaccustomed to ease, he is incapable of enjoying it, and he pronounces life a hollow sham when in reality the fault lies in the way he used it. A man should live his individual life. I think one should not weed out of his system any comparatively harmless vanities which nature endowed him with. They are his and to him are respectable. If he suppresses them he does so to be in conformity with other men's standards, and by thus lopping off the limbs of his character he fails to fulfil the design entertained by nature in constructing him. Be yourself, and grow.

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The residents of the East End are petitioning the civic authorities to procure them better street railway accommodation, and their case is a just one. The King street east route should be provided with heated cars and more of them. As it is now, a rapidly moving number of electric cars run to the Don and unload a hundred or more passengers, who find only one horse car awaiting them. Only half of them can get aboard it and the lucky half is determined by a scramble. The strongest win, and the weakest and least able to walk or wait in the cold are forced to walk or wait. This should not be, and the city authorities are in duty bound to urge the Street Railway Company to provide better accommodation. The city is doubly bound to see justice done the East Enders, for the reason that the city in chopping down the poles over the Don deprived them of an electric service until next summer. However, no grievance, real or supposed, that the company may have against the civic authorities justifies it in freezing its patrons who dwell east of the Don.

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Lieut.-Governor Kirkpatrick is already as well known throughout the province as almost any of his predecessors succeeded in being at the end of his term of office. His idea is not that he should maintain a passive grandeur in Government House, but that he should make himself useful and active, not alone in the metropolis but throughout the province. This is a utilitarian age and country, and many of these offices must, before very long, demonstrate their practical value or suffer extinction. When the great mass of people no longer favor the pomp and circumstance that formerly attended the opening of the Legislature, nor take pride in maintaining officials in splendor that grows not dim should royalty or nobility visit us, they will soon turn enquiring eyes upon the most exalted dignitaries and ask if their services are worth the cost. This is the trend of popular feeling. Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are emphatic successes. MACK.

UNMASKED.

# THE JOLLIEST CHRISTMAS

**Written for Saturday Night by Mrs. Anna Ross, Bruce field, Ont.**

*In presenting the following letter it is only fair to explain that the studies of the writer in Grammar, Rhetoric and Punctuation are not yet complete.*

CARTERSVILLE, ONT., Dec. 25, 188-.

EDWARD PEEL, ESQ.,

DEAR OLD CHUM,—Why didn't you come up this Christmas? We've had the jolliest time. I'm bursting to spout it out to somebody, and now the chickens are all off to roost and nobody round to plague, here goes.

But I'll have to go back a bit. You know our Dolly, what's two years older than me, has two tons more sense than I have. When father died she was only a little thing, and a regular harem-scarem, a lot like me, but she just took hold as if she was sixty and was a "comfort." O Ned, I couldn't be a comfort to anybody if I did try so it isn't any use, but girls are made of different stuff from what boys are. Well, the little mother got to lean a lot on Dolly, and think more of her than all the rest of us put together, at least that's what we tell her. Last September Dolly had to go to school in Montreal, and the little mother has been moping ever since. It isn't a bit like mother to mope, and maybe that's not the right word for it either, but she can't laugh and crack with us like she used to, and she gets tired so soon at nights. I've tried my best to shake her out of it. I found that the best plan was to plague her a bit and tell her she didn't duly appreciate the blossoms left in her garden, and spread myself on my own perfections, contrasting them with the insignificant "qualities" of that daughter of hers. Then she would stroke my hair and tell me I was bad (which was true) but at the time mean that I was good and splendid (which isn't true at all, though I believe she half thinks so in spite of facts). And then we'd have a jolly little time, and I've seen a spell like that cure her for half a day. But next day she'd be just the same as before, and the old thing would get stale if one was at it all the time.

Now to change the subject, or rather to bring out another side of it, you must know that we as a household believe in having a jolly good time at Christmas. Mother says we're too poor to have birthday presents and Christmas presents both, but we do spread ourselves on the Christmas presents. Mo her always gives each of us something good, and the rest of us save up all year so we can play Santa C aus too, and mind you, it's more fun giving presen's than getting them, specially sometimes. We used to hang up stockings when I was a little shaver, but for a good many years stockings have been voted no good. It is a row of pillow cases that hang up in our hall every Christmas Eve, and it's as good as a circus to see them next morning, all the shapes they are.

There's always a mighty lot of plotting and planning the last three months of the year. You see all us kids club together to get some thing for mother, and then mostly we club for each other, too, for it's better to get one good thing than for each one to give some little thing.

Our plans were well on this year, and we were in for a fine lot, too, when one night when we were all in a heap talking them over, Jess—that's the one of the whole brood that's likest me, so you may have some idea of her sweet and saintly ways—suddenly came out with a speech that took our breath away.

"Now, look here; I wish we could all club together and get Dolly home for Christmas, and let the old pillow-cases go."

Such a proposal from such a quarter was a knock-down. Had it been Nell, who bids fair to follow in Dolly's footsteps, we would not have been so taken aback.

"Bully for you, little sister!" were the first notes that broke the astonished pause, and as you may imagine, those high-souled words and the sympathetic thump that accompanied them were from her revered elder brother. Ted, her little brother, her own junior by three years and whose soul I know has been thirsting all summer for a lacrosse stick, let out a doleful "O, Jess."

"Well, I mean it," came out like a stream. "I was thinking about it all day. Yesterday, mother and Nell were talking it over when I was reading Pickwick, and I could see as plain as a pike-staff that mother would rather have Dolly home for these two weeks than anything else in the world, but it would take fifteen dollars, and mother says she can't think it right to spend that much just now, and you know Dolly don't expect it. Mother won't send for her, and I've been counting up, if we put all our money together we could do it and never let mother know till Dolly came. Oh, it would be such fun."

I was proud of her, the little orator. That last touch it was that carried the company.

"It would be fun," was Nell's first comment, "and I believe it would do mother heaps of good."

"But it would just swallow up everything," said poor Ted, his long face growing longer and longer. But Ted is a good-hearted little chap. After we were fairly started, there wasn't one went into it heartier than he did.

I couldn't tell you all the fun we had fixing it up. Putting all our funds together we had barely enough to do the deed. Now, to carry out our plan it wouldn't do to have nothing to put in the pillow-cases, so we had lots of fun scheming to hatch up presents that wouldn't cost money. Nell is good at her needle and has the head of a general besides, and Ted and I hit upon some plans that swelled our store by $1.95. How we did count our coppers before we spent them. Bulk was largely considered, for it would not do for these tremendous pillow cases to be too lank when Christmas morning should come. Jess was the funniest little thing. Really as the weeks went by her former remarkable resemblance to her elder brother almost faded out of view and the outlines of Dolly herself began to be distinctly visible through what was left of it.

A general council was held over the letter we sent to Dolly. That was as good as an ordinary Christmas itself. I was deputed to write the first draft of the thing, but they have a way sometimes of pruning off my productions decidedly trying to one honestly convinced of his own literary skill. This time, however, it was not pruning that was done so much as developing and embellishing. It was a long letter when it was done, and I would give something if I could be a guarding angel looking over Dolly's shoulder when she read it. We had an answer back in a hustle. I can tell you, and if it hadn't been the lots of work getting things out of nothing to fill up these awful pillowcases the time would have dragged badly between then and Christmas.

Yesterday—let me see. Why, it's nearly one o'clock a.m., December 25, so I suppose I'll have to say day before yesterday, the family temperature was up to fever heat all day. When the six o'clock train went up we were all at tea, and it let off a yell as it passed the place as if it was in the secret and was bound to let it out if possible. Fanny looked up at Jess, and Tot, sitting beside her, began to whisper. I had to start a huge yarn about a crocodile to switch them clean off on another track, and if it hadn't been for Nell getting a crumb in her throat and nearly choking I'm not sure that my unaided efforts would have been successful. As it was, such a racket got up of coughing and laughing and pounding Nell's back that the whole thing blew over safely, but anybody that didn't understand would have thought we were losing our wits.

You will think it strange that none of us were down at the station, but that was all according to the plan. Ted pleaded hard to be allowed to go, and Jess would have done anything, but there was nothing we were so much afraid of as the little mother getting on the scent, and all were agreed in the end. Fred Barton met her, and they looked after her till we should get all ready at home.

A year ago it wouldn't have been easy to get mother off to bed ahead of the rest of us, but we were in good hopes we could manage it now. Nell went at it like a woman. The pillow cases were all hung in a long row on the hat-pins in the hall, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, for, present or absent—Dolly must be represented on the occasion as well as the rest. It was half-past eight, and the two youngsters had been put to bed, when Nell went up to mother and put her two arms round her neck.

"Mother," she said, 'I know you're tired, won't you trust me now to fix everything right and you go to bed?"

Nell isn't a bit like Dolly in one way. She is mostly quiet and reserved. She is never free with her kisses, even to mother, and a little touch like that from Nell, I knew in a minute would please mother immensely and make her feel like doing just what she wanted. She laid her cheek gently against Nell's and said, "I think I will, only be sure and get them off to bed by ten o'clock, so you'll all be ready in the morning."

"Mother," said Nell, half dictating, half pleading, "you won't tie us to a minute to-night, will you? See, I'm getting big and wise, won't you just trust me to manage according to my best judgment?"

I made a bad blunder just there. I should have kept my finger out of that pie but I did want to give the thing a lift and I came up so humble and willing and said:

"Mother, I'll help her, and Nell and me will make a whole team, you bet."

That nearly spoiled it. "O Jack," mother said, "Nell would get on far better with the younger ones without you. I'll tell you how we'll fix it. You be off to bed at ten o'clock, and I'll trust Nell to manage the rest according to her 'best judgment.'"

Wasn't that a fraud! But Nell was equal to the occasion. "Mother," she said seriously, "I think I can undertake for Jack, too. I know he is not going to spoil our Christmas Eve with any nonsense. Let me be 'little mother' to-night and I won't ask it to morrow night if I fail this time."

So mother patted her two cheeks and said "All right." But she found so many things that needed seeing to before she went that I was nearly wild with keeping quiet and straight and ordinary till she was fairly away to her room.

Then we all gathered into the back kitchen in stocking feet and talked only in whispers. Our preparations had all been made before, so we were forward in getting ready, only we had to wait till the little mother should have time to get off to sleep.

Ted has a splendid large wood sled with a short pole at each corner. These poles I had already tied together with ropes, all but the front ones. Over the sled we flung two or three mats and a nice rug. With slippers and overshoes Ted and I were ready and off we went, Ted in the sled and me for the horse. It didn't take us twenty minutes to go the mile, I can tell you. Dolly was at the corner all right. We packed her and her valise into the sled, and we two made a smart span as we trotted out of Cartersville. But I soon got tired holding in for Ted, so I threw him in on Dolly's knee to keep her warm, you know, and made one smart run home.

It was awful hard work when we got her into that old kitchen. We had to keep so quiet and did feel so like hollering and cutting up. But I've come to the conclusion that it does keep the pleasure longer to hold it in than to let it all off in racket. You see we didn't dare let off steam for fear mother would catch on.

Nell had the daintiest little meal set out. It takes Nell to do things up tasty. There was a turn in the middle of the table, and a lovely dish of pears and grapes at one end. I understood till then that the pears and grapes were all gone with the green leaves, but it seems Jess had been studying patent methods of inducing the fruit to out-last the leaves. Success to the little witch every time.

Dolly declared she couldn't eat, but Ted and I did full justice.

When eleven struck Nell ordered us off to bed at once, and do you know we all obeyed her like lambs. It would have been harder to go if we could have talked out loud, but really, whispering is weary work.

But the real fun was next morning. The little mother had promised to keep in till we called her. We were not afraid to ask that. She is always willing to let us keep our secrets till the right time. Of course she would guess that there was something for her "stocking" that needed attention in the morning, but that did not help her to guess what it was. (You see we call them "stockings" though they are really pillow cases.) Once mother had so many things and such big ones that not even a pillow case would hold them all, and in our extremity we had to remove them all to one certain room, and we called that room mother's "stocking" for that time. There was a set of dishes, and a whole cheese, and a goose, and two turkeys, besides a lot of small things. So there was no danger of her suspecting anything unusual from our asking her not to come out till she was called.

The pillow case really looked as portentous as usual. On mother's hat pin, which is the one nearest the front door, we had fastened the gathered-up end of a sheet. Under this was set the old music box, and Dolly just kneeled on the cushioned top of that, so she could also lean up against the wall. The sheet was then drawn tidily all round, so as to hide everything except the bottom of the box.

The habit in our house is that nobody touches their "stocking" till all are ready. Then the youngest begins and opens out in presence of all the rest, thanking and kissing the giver of each gift if present, blowing kisses and thanks if absent. When the first "stocking" is emptied the second is taken down, and so on in ages up to the little mother.

Two large, home-made, nicely dressed dolls with simply imported heads, made Fanny and Tot happy and filled up a good deal of empty space besides. Mother had given them each a pair of buttoned boots, and Nell had made them each a whole light sponge cake with marvelous candy icing. Ted had his lacrosse stick after all. By Nell's counsel that was mother's present to him. A huge cocoanut from the rest of us, and a suit of clothes from his uncle left but little unoccupied space in his receptacle. Then came Jess, Nell, me and then Dolly. We had all given her her Christmas presents before she went away, but it was quite remarkable how many things were managed for her again. The worst of it was we couldn't get bulk for her, but Nell helped that up with another sponge cake like the kids', ornamented with very carefully selected candies. After the contents of Dolly's stocking had been duly inspected they were all put back into the pillow-case and given up into Nell's charge to be properly packed and expressed to Montreal. Some of the remarks made during this last scene were enough to break down poor Dolly, overhearing them as she must, but I took care that if she either snickered or sniveled it should be properly drowned.

"Now, mother! Your turn now! What have you got?" Jubilation was quite in order now, and we stood round the hall door watching with three eyes each, as mother went up to her remarkable-looking "stocking."

"Let out a yell, Dolly, or mother will be scared!" shouted her thoughtful elder brother, for do you know, Ned, I really was a little afraid of the start for her. Dolly took the hint, and before mother was quite at the sheet she parted it with her hands and, half laughing, half crying, looked out at her. Poor little mother. She stood for one second as if she had been turned into stone and then she said, "O, Dolly," and the two were hugging each other and laughing and crying and talking all together in a way that defies even my enormous literary talent to describe. Ted cut capers round the dining-room table, Fanny and Tot both pulled at Dolly's dress. Nell looked calmly and benignantly on, while poor little Jess capped the climax by getting into a corner and beginning to cry as if her heart would break. Of course, as was my duty, I took the dear child on my knee and tried to comfort her by cramming into her mouth some candies picked for the purpose off the top of Tot's cake. In a few minutes Dolly herself came in and completed the work so nobly begun by your humble servant.

Order was shortly restored and we were all seated, the jolliest lot you ever saw, round the breakfast table.

"Mother," said Ted, pausing in his demolition of a sausage, "what did you think was in your stocking?"

A funny twinkle came in mother's eye, just like it used to as she glanced at Dolly and said, "I couldn't think of anything it looked like unless it might be a quarter of beef."

The hilarity that followed was louder, I suppose, and more prolonged than there was any need for, but everybody felt like laughing, and nobody found fault.

When there was a measure of quietness restored, Dolly, who had also paused in the middle of the sausage, put down her knife and fork and cleared her throat for a speech. Her cheeks were as pink as—peonies, and her eyes were shining like—O, bother, I can't get hold of similes when I want them, but you know what I mean. She didn't say anything about the "quarter of beef" but began, "I want to tell you while it is fresh in my heart that I didn't know so much happiness could be crowded into my three weeks as you, dear boys and girls, have crammed for me into these December days ever since I got your letter telling me to come home. This has been the nicest Christmas that I ever had, and a nicer one than I ever imagined. I don't know how to thank you all except just by being as glad as I can be." (Hear, hear.)

"And what shall I say?" said the little mother, looking first at Dolly and then round the table. But she did not need to say anything. Her beautiful face with its glad eyes said more than even a literary genius like me could have put into her mouth had she engaged me to prepare her a speech beforehand.

Well, Ned, they say boys don't think. But I can tell you what, once in a while even a rattle-brain like your old chum does think. I have been thinking by spells to-day through all the jollification, and I have come to a conclusion too. I do believe there is no other way to get happiness yourself like trying to make other folks happy. Many a time have I heard mother say it, but I never really thought about it like a proposition in Euclid till to-day. Maybe I'll forget it again in the rough-and tumble schoolboy life that's dawning on me, I suppose with the opening of this new year. But if I do, I commission you, old boy, to bring it sharply to my memory again by any lawful schoolboy method you may find within reach, always remembering that slugs make a deeper impression than sermons, when you have a moral nature of this peculiar calibre to deal with.

Good night, old fellow, or good morning I suppose it ought to be, for the clock has just struck one.

Yours etc.,

JACK STEWART.

Overwork.

Polite Doctor (cautiously)—Your husband is suffering from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants—it is, ahem! a little difficult to tell which.

Anxious Wife—Oh, it's overwork! Why, he can't even go to the theater without rushing out half a dozen times to see his business partners.—*Judge.*

### Irreparable Loss

Old Mose Perdunn was one of those periodical drunkards who can remain sober for months at a time, then go on a tremendous spree, stay drunk a week, sober up and be an exemplary citizen again for months.

A neighbor told Mose's wife of a new preparation that could be used unknown to him, and would effectually kill his appetite for liquor.

She procured it and used it according to directions.

One day, after a period of sobriety extending over nearly six months, old Mose went to town and got a jug of whisky.

It didn't taste right. It made him sick. He put it in his wagon, climbed in and drove home in a brown study.

He called his hired man and tried the whisky on him.

The hired man said it was as good stuff as he ever tasted.

That settled it. He went into the house with blood in his eyes.

"Jane," he said, "you've been dosin' me!"

"I have, Mose," answered his wife. "I've mixed Rybold's Sure Antidote for the Whisky Habit in your coffee every day for the last four months."

"Who told you I wanted to be broke of the whisky habit?"

"Never mind who told me. Has it cured you?"

"Cured me! Great Scott, yes! It's—it's ruined me, Jane."

He went out to the wagon, brought in the jug of whisky, set it on the kitchen table, pointed at it with trembling finger, and said brokenly;

"Jane, why didn't you tell me about it when I started to town this mornin'? Look at that jug o' whisky, will you? There's a dollar 'n' a half gone forever!"—*Chicago Tribune.*


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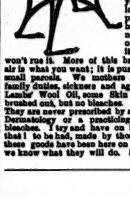

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Telephone 2261

## Some Modish Costumes.

ROUGH camel's-hair-finished goods are much better liked than many of the smooth fabrics. They are more stylish and usually more becoming. Very long black velvet cloaks in the newmarket style with very wide pleated collars corded with satin, are fashionable. The facings of fashionable dresses are finished with several very narrow pinked-out ruffles. Sashes of soft black silk are worn with wool dresses of almost all sorts.

A gored skirt made by the most fashionable dressmakers has nine gored breadths, with all the seams corded from top to bottom, the foot measuring five yards and a half in width. This is used for satins, brocades, *peau de soie*, and especially liked in the black brocaded satins that have diagonal designs, as these are kept a true diagonal all around, instead of being cut to meet in chevron points, or in front and back points, as they formerly were. Each gored breadth requires a length of silk or satin twenty-two inches wide at the foot, sloped much narrower at the top. The front breadth is sloped on each side. A sloped seam is down the middle of the back, but this is a reminder of the bell-skirt back, as there are so many other seams, and all these seams are piped or corded their entire length with cord half as thick as a lady's little finger, covered with plain black satin. A lining of black taffeta silk is sewed in with each breadth, and the seams are neatly bound, not turned inside to be concealed, as in bell skirts. There is no balayeuse needed, and foot trimmings are not used on the outside, as these would interfere with the natural fall of the pleat in each breadth. At the top the front breadth and two breadths on each side (five in all) are shirred twice. The four back breadths are massed in a small space in French gathers of alternately long and short stitches. The corsage is a round waist with large sleeves, a pleating of ribbon standing out around the edge below the girdle.

Empire gowns are the favorite of the season for evening toilettes, and also for the hostess at afternoon receptions and those who receive with her. For Christmas dinners and dances and for New Year's parties these gowns are modeled after those familiar in portraits of the Empress Josephine, but with a difference. The short waist is retained, and the short, puffed, balloonlike sleeves, but the fulness of the skirt is massed in a far more graceful manner in a small space in the middle of the front and back, while the sides are fitted to outline the figure. This gives a more youthful-looking gown, specially becoming to slender women. The fancy is for cutting the neck low and square, instead of in the true Empire style, which is round or heart-shaped. Short, roundly puffed sleeves form the sides of the square neck, and epaulettes or wings of lace are often added above. Satin, Dresden china brocades and velvet are the materials for these gowns. An Empire gown of white satin is made becoming to blonde and brunette alike by the color introduced in the velvet puffed sleeves and in the bosom drapery. Yellow velvet of the palest shade is most effective on a brunette's white satin gown, while a blonde chooses Nile green velvet, and either can wear pale pink or deeper American-beauty rose-colored sleeves. Among the pretty brocades are those of pale green ground powdered with Dresden china roses, made up with a low round waist, and given the Empire effect by bust draperies and short puffed sleeves of either green or rose velvet. A roll of the velvet then trims the foot of the ample gored skirt. A deep collarette of velvet, forming pleated epaulettes above puffed sleeves, rivals the berths of lace as a finish to the low round neck of evening dresses. The velvet may be of a color matching the gown or in contrast to it, thus making it easy to find something becoming to the wearer. While white dresses are trimmed with a color, they are also often ornamented with silver embroidery of cords and spangles on the waist and down below in slender vines. Pink roses in a straight border or set in vandykes are at the foot of white satin skirts, and a rose boa may accompany such a gown. Mauve, pale green, yellow, and rose-pink satin gowns have velvet accessories spangled with silver. Opal-tinted velvet makes effective sleeves for white *mousseline de soie* gowns that hang full from the bust over fitted satin gowns. Velvet gowns are trimmed with Venetian and round point-lace, with embroidery of jet and white sable bands. *Peau de soie* like silken cloth and almost without lustre is handsome in mauve, green, and black for Empire gowns. One of mauve has the front fulness massed each side of the bust, opening on a straight fall of white guipure lace down the middle. Another of pale Nile-green *peau de soie* has white lace falling from the bust and shoulders to the foot, and opened up the left side in true classic fashion. Pink roses wreathe the neck and arms and border the skirt. A good way to give the Empire effect to a low round corsage of last season is to put a deep frill of accordion-pleated lace—such as ecru or white guipure wrought with gold—around the waist just under the arms, letting it droop almost to the hips. It is effective when headed by a row of pearl and silver galloon that fastens in a large *chou* on the bust. Two and a half yards of lace is required.

There is a great fancy this season for black satin gowns, not merely for dowagers, as formerly, but as an important dress in a bride's trousseau, and even for girls in their first season in society. *Debutantes* delight in these lustrous black gowns for the house, for afternoon receptions, and the theater, having them made with a full short skirt just clearing the ground, the waist of black and white stripes, rounded in the neck, with huge sleeves, and a pleating of ribbon four inches wide standing out above the hips. Turquoise blue velvet in a collarette going out over puffed sleeve-tops of the same pale blue completes such dresses prettily for young blondes. A young married woman has a black satin Empire dress with puffed sleeves of yellow velvet spangled with jet. The neck is cut out square in front and back. Yellow velvet pipings extend down one seam to the foot on each side of the front. Black satin brocades in new designs, the lines or dashes all slanting across the breadth, or in intricate shell and small patterns that look like embroidery done in cords, are also in great favor, whether made up entirely black or else lightened with a color in the trimming.

The 1830 poke bonnet of black satin is worn by the youngest girls in society, not alone with black satin gowns but with others of colored velvet, blue, or currant red, or dahlia-colored, for calling costumes and the theater. A facing of turquoise blue satin is in the brim, and a twist and bow of blue ribbon rest on the blonde hair. The only trimming is a large *penache* of black feathers outside, just left of the front, or else some loops and upturned ends of turquoise satin ribbon are made to hold pale blue ostrich tips. The strings come from the back, and may be either of black or blue satin ribbon. Though called a poke bonnet, this picturesque head gear is more like a round hat and has none of the elderly look of most large bonnets.

A very pretty model for a black brocade dress has a round waist with plain back, and short jacket fronts that are turned back with revers from a vest of pale blue *peau de soie*, striped with jet bands. The effective revers have a single notch near the top, then widen, and are gathered full over the armholes, descending in the back to disappear under the sleeve. This gives great breadth, as of epaulettes, over the full tops of the sleeves. The collar of blue is banded with rows of fine jet, and the cuffs as well. The blue vest is in a single piece, fastened invisibly on the left, and the jet rows curve down from the collar in Zouave jacket shape to meet cross rows below. The skirt is sewed to a soft belt of the blue *peau de soie* edged with jet, which gives a finish to the waist when its ends are passed inside the skirt. At the foot of the skirt is a bias flounce, showing pale blue in the shell heading, and above this is a band of blue, on which are festooned strands of jet beads.

Some of the newest and most fashionable bonnets are scarcely larger than a saucer. They are worn without strings, being fastened to the hair with plain or jeweled pins.

The Rembrandt hat is another revival. These hats are as large around as a bushel basket, and give a sort of roofed-over appearance to the women who wear them. LA MODE.

## Individualities.

Somersby Rectory, where Lord Tennyson was born, and in which are many of the scenes of his earlier poems, is offered for sale.

In the future, women are to be employed in Russia upon the state railways to the proportion of twenty per cent. Their work will probably be clerical.

Four women, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Lucy Larcom, Alice Freeman Palmer and Mary B. Claflin, were among the poet Whittier's honorary pall-bearers.

Fifty dollars is charged in London for the first edition of Longfellow's Hyperion, and the first edition of his Kavanagh commands nearly as high a price.

A new branch of the King's Daughters is a funeral subscription society, lately organized in New York for the purpose of aiding the poor to bury their dead respectably and cheaply.

Lady Somerset, whose second visit to this country has recently terminated, is so zealous in the cause of temperance that she frequently goes down into the mines and talks with the miners.

The police matrons of Chicago are required to wear uniforms of blue serge, with double-breasted, close-fitting basques, blue serge buttons and skirts underlined and entirely clear of the ground.

Madame Diaz, the wife of the Mexican President, will, at her own expense, send to the World's Fair next year a woman's band of forty-five musicians. It will comprise the most expert musicians in Mexico.

To her histrionic talents, Madame Modjeska adds the ability to speak half a dozen languages, and is an eager reader of the best literature of them all. She also possesses the rare accomplishment of playing Chopin's music well.

Mrs. A. S. Oakley, of Newburg, owns the village street roller and sprinkler business of that town. She has conducted it for seventeen years. She now owns a handsome house and grounds, and employs twenty men. Mrs. Oakley superintends the work herself, and does her own collecting.

It may not be generally known that Queen Victoria once had poetic aspirations, and carried them so far as to write a book of verses. She sent this to a publisher under a *nom de plume*, and had the pleasure, well known to some humbler folk, of having it promptly "returned with thanks."

The admirers of Thomas Hardy, who regretted to hear of his late serious illness, will be glad to know that he is surely convalescent. For a few days his recovery was not expected, and although he is mending rapidly, the amount of work he accomplishes this winter will probably be limited.

The manuscript of Poe's Tale of the Ragged Mountains has been sold at auction by Bangs & Co. for $295. The story contains about 3000 words, and the manuscript, though written over sixty years ago, is in perfect condition. Neither paper nor ink of the twenty-five pages of note paper is faded or defaced.

Queen Christina of Spain believes that children could be brought up with much greater care if each mother were allowed to punish, not her own, but her neighbor's children. This proves two things—first, that the boy-king must have had some experiences out in the area and, second, that Spanish mothers are as human as American mothers.

Mlle. Renan, the sister of the late Academician, devoted herself to her famous brother for years. She made a home for him in Paris, aided him with his literary work, suggesting subjects, and criticizing his finished works. Through her assistance he was enabled to marry, and it is pleasant to record that he was never weary of recounting his obligations to her.

Mrs. Sarah Balch Braman, of Georgetown, Massachusetts, celebrated her one-hundred-and-second birthday on December 21st. She is in excellent health and perfect possession of her faculties, and is fond of boasting that she is one of the seventh generation from John Balch, who came to America with Captain Robert Georges in 1623, and settled in what is now Salem.

The late Xavier Mormier, of the French Academy, found so much pleasure in lingering about second-hand book shops and stalls that in his will he bequeathed a thousand francs to the second-hand book-sellers on the quays of the Seine. He requested that this money should be spent by them in a jovial banquet, during which they might amuse themselves by thinking of him.

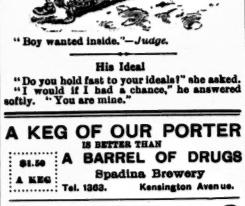
Professor L. C. Alvasovakt, the Russian marine painter, whose works are on exhibition in New York, is seventy-five years old, and although comparatively little known in this country, is famous all over Europe. He is a commander of the Order of the Legion of Honor, and celebrated his fiftieth jubilee in St. Petersburg in 1887. He has obtained permission from the Czar to exhibit some of his best paintings at Chicago.

Mrs. V. Dillon, of Newburg, conducts successfully a large truck business. Years ago she began it with one small express wagon, a horse and a hired man. In course of time she bought more horses and wagons, built large stables, and finally contracted for the city trucking. In her girlhood she was a compositor in New York, and took her present business after her marriage and removal to Newburg as an outlet for her superfluous energy.

Perhaps the only woman who was ever buried like a warrior with the Stars and Stripes for a winding-sheet was the late Mrs. Cutter. She will be remembered for her bravery at the battle of Fort Donelson, when she snatched the colors of her husband's regiment from their fallen bearer and rushed through the smoke with the flag in one hand and a sword in the other. After the war she made the care of veterans and their families the charge of her life. She is buried among the soldiers in Arlington cemetery.

Joel Chandler Harris, the "Uncle Remus" of current literature, lives near Atlanta, on a small estate thickly grown with vines, vines, and flowers, among which magnolias and Cape jasmines predominate. There is a happy family of six children in the house, and the author leads an existence that is an agreeable combination of city and country life. Mrs. Harris raises her own poultry and attends to her pet Jersey cows with maternal solicitude, while her husband, who was reared on a plantation, drinks a glass of buttermilk with his noontime dinner with all the gusto of youth.

Louis Kossuth is again reported to be dying, and his illness is this time of so grave a character as to make it unlikely that his feeble strength can combat it. The aged hero of Hungarian independence is past ninety, and for many years he has lived an exile in Turin. His home there has been in a mediæval palace, now in a state of dilapidation, and he has practically secluded himself among his books. He is the last survivor of the band of devoted men whom he led by the power of his oratory and enthusiasm to struggle to keep Hungary free. He was Governor of the republic at the time it fell, in 1849, and visited America in 1851, to enlist sympathy for the Hungarian cause. In his prime Kossuth was one of the leading orators of Europe, and it has been said of him that he "was eloquent in four languages." In his old age he is of patriarchal appearance, with his flowing white beard, and the scant locks on the top of his head are covered by the plain skull cap he wears at all times.



"Boy wanted inside."—*Judge.*

**His Ideal**

"Do you hold fast to your ideals?" she asked. "I would if I had a chance," he answered softly. "You are mine."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Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, 20c.
Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, 25c., 30c.; 40c., 3 pairs for $1.10; 50c., 3 pairs $1 40.
Ladies' Black Ribbed Cashmere Hose, 25; 35c., 3 pairs $1; 40c., 3 pairs $1.10; 45c., 3 pairs $1 50.
Ladies' Medium Weight Merino Vests, long sleeves, 45c., 60c., 75c., 90c.
Ladies' Scotch Lambs Wool Vests, high neck, long sleeves, 75c., $1.
Imperatrice Elastic Ribbed Vests, beautiful goods, 50c., 75c.
Ladies' Elastic Ribbed Combination Suits, ankle length, $1 75.

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Table of Coats at $2 and $3.
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Ils font des Coiffures ridicules, et aplati a la "Pancake."
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Thanksgiving is over. This means that Christmas, too, will soon be here, but it means much more than this. It means that every day from now on to that greatest event of the year both our stores will be filled with the finest goods at the most astonishingly close prices. To see read the following quotations:
Copper-bottom tea-kettles, No. 9, 50c.; No. 8, 49c; splendid, well made copper bottom No. 8 boiler, 79c., regular price $1 75. Elegantly painted and gold banded, strongly made coal scuttles, medium size, 19c.; large, 24c.; large, with funnel, 33c. Stove boards, 24c.
The Comes flour sifter, only 14c. Mrs. Potts' best polished irons, 60c.
Eddy's best tubs, three sizes, 55c., 64c. and 74c., worth 75c., $1, and $1.25.
Wooden bowls, 8c., 10c., 15c., etc., up to 45c. for a very large one.
Eddy's celebrated matches, 10c. per box; parlor, 5c boxes for 5c.
A Royal Canadian or Royal Dominion clothes wringer, fully warranted, only $3.69; three strong brooms, best green broom (corn), 15c.; 6 ozs. clothes pins, 5c.
Baby's own soap, 10c. per cake; Fatherland boxes, 3 cakes 10c.; Gem bouquet, 5c.; Castile, 4c. cake; Wolfe's acme shoe polish, 10c.
Finely cloth bound books of the works of all the great authors, 19c.; paper covered books, 5c. and 7c.; Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, $1.25.
Note paper, 7c. for 24 sheets; good square envelopes, 4c. per package.
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BARBOUR'S IRISH FLAX THREAD
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## Social and Personal.

His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will receive New Year's callers on Monday from four to six o'clock.

Mr. James Denny, M. B. of C., Montreal, sails to-day for Europe. Mr. Denny is recommended a sea voyage for his health, which is far from robust.

Mr. R. C. Kirkpatrick spent Christmas in town with his relations. He is at present stationed in Kingston.

Mr. Ward of Peterborough has been visiting his niece, Mrs. A. R. Denison, Lakeview avenue.

Professor Stewart, Toronto University, spent Christmas with his relatives in Peterborough.

Mr. Carlyle of New York has been visiting in Toronto during the holidays.

Mr. Arthur Doble, Bank of Montreal, who is at present stationed in New York, was also home for the Christmas holidays.

The uniform of the Military College, Kingston, has been much *en evidence* during the past fortnight, a number of the cadets having spent the holidays in Toronto.

Mr. Otway White, the leading soprano of St. Simon's choir, and a son of Dr. White of Carlton street, sang a very beautiful solo at the Christmas night services at St. Simon's. The church was crowded, and the floral decorations were remarkably handsome. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison presided at the organ.

Notwithstanding the fact that Miss Lizzie MacMahon's wedding was an extremely quiet one, a large number of friends assembled at St. Paul's church, Bloor street, to witness the ceremony. Mr. Williams of Ridley College, the bridegroom, and his best man, the Rev. Mr. Hodgins, were punctual, and at a quarter to twelve the bridal party moved toward the altar. Miss Constance Laing, a very old friend of Miss MacMahon's girlhood days, was the bridesmaid. The bride wore a very rich costume of seal brown cloth and velvet, with a handsome passementerie edging; her hat was of brown and fawn. Miss Laing was quietly gowned in brown. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Williams drove to the 12.50 train and left on their wedding tour. Miss MacMahon's sweet and bright disposition has won her many friends, who attested their regard by numbers of pretty *cadeaux de noce*, and whose good wishes follow her and her husband into their new life.

Miss Read of Bowmanville is visiting Mrs. Robin of Lakeview avenue.

A very happy Christmas party was gathered together at the residence of Mrs. Parsons, Queen's Park, last Monday. Three generations, with sons and daughters-in-law, made the handsome home merry and danced about a lovely Christmas tree while Santa Claus distributed presents to every member of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson of Carlton street had a very pleasant family gathering on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. George Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Denison and Mr. Ward were present.

Mrs. Arthur W. Croil has been sitting up for a few days after a long and severe illness, but is still confined to her room.

Little Miss Flett of Isabella street had a young people's party on Tuesday evening, at which a very merry time was spent by a number of her little friends.

Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry has returned from a southern trip.

Mrs. Wilson of Pembroke street gives a Happy New Year dance to the French Club this evening. It goes without saying that whatever the New Year may contain for the Owls, Mrs. Wilson will ensure a happy closing to the present year. Her reunions are invariably successful and delightful.

I am glad to chronicle the convalescence of Miss Norma Reynolds, and trust her voice will soon be heard in all its old sweetness by her many admirers.

Mr. Carl Ahrens, who has returned from New York, will be At Home on New Year's day at his studio, corner of Lee avenue and Queen street.

Mrs. and the Misses Milligan of Dovercourt road are At Home to their friends this afternoon.

The young people's dance given for Mr. Cleeve Hall and Mr. Carter by Mesdames Hall and Carter last night at St. George's hall, was very enjoyable; particulars will be given next week.

Miss Winnifred Potter of Northampton, Mass., has returned home after a most delightful visit as the guest of Mrs. D. W. Lamont. Her many friends regret her departure.

Mrs. King's dance on December 29 was given in honor of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth King, and her friend, Miss Madge Thompson, who is her guest for the holidays. They return to college on January 3.

Miss Wallbridge of Spadina avenue gave a most enjoyable dance to a large circle of friends on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. T. Alison gave a family dinner party on Monday. Mr. R. Hillis of New York spent Christmas with Mrs. Alison.

Mr. F. E. Galbraith is spending the holiday season with his friend, Mr. Angus Woodbridge, 168 Trumbull avenue, Detroit, and returns to town on January 5.

Miss Maud Snarr left to-day for a short visit to Collingwood, where she is to sing to-morrow, and also at a New Year's concert on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall gave a very large dinner party on Monday night. The table looked lovely with roses and smilax. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley, Mr. and Mrs. Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beck, Mr. and Mrs. H. Drayton, Dr. and Miss Boultbee, Mr. R. Brock, Mrs. Heaven, Miss Perkins, Miss Cawthra, Mr. Herbert Cawthra, Mr. Jones, Mr. Watson and Capt. Douglas

Mrs. Ford, on behalf of the Ancient Order of Foresters, presented the Nurses' Training School at the General Hospital, on Christmas Day, with 47 volumes as a mark of appreciation of the kindness with which members of the order are treated while in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. David Walker left for Hamilton, Bermuda, on Tuesday afternoon, where they intend spending the winter months, and will return some time in May.

Mrs. Webster, who has charmed so many by her fine mandolin playing, has been recently very ill.

Mrs. Frances J. Moore of London is the guest of Miss Hillary of Gloucester street. Mrs. Moore is in town for the convention of the C. S. M.

Miss Hillary gives a *musicale* this afternoon.

Family reunions and dinners have been the seasonable events of the holiday week just passed. The only notable evening gatherings have been Mrs. Kirkpatrick's young people's dance on Monday night, and the young folks' party last evening in St. George's Hall, given for Master Cleve Hall and Master Carter. Last Saturday night the annual Christmas tree and concert was held at the Hospital for the amusement of the patients. Mrs. Hamilton, Miss F. Richardson, Miss Snively and others worked faithfully to ensure the enjoyment of those whom fate had debarred from Christmas merry-making. On Tuesday evening another band of good, kind people arranged a Christmas treat for the inmates of the Haven. Sunday school youngsters are reveling in bun feasts, Christmas trees and Santa Clauses, more or less realistic. Clubs are arranging for dances, hockey players are rending the air with whoops and blasts of tin horns, and yon Scots are "souping her up" at the rink with all the vigor proper to the noble game. It has been a lovely week of bracing and seasonable weather, and everyone feels the better for it, even in the face of the fact that one is drinking boiled water and spending hours on windy corners awaiting the uncertain advent of the perfidious trolley.

Mr. and Mrs. Gledhill of 495 Euclid avenue celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their wedding on Monday evening. The invitations to the event are original and rather puzzling, with their Chinese motto.

Mr. R. R. Cameron of St. Catharines was in the city this week.

Mrs. S. F. McKinnon of Sherbourne street and Mrs. Miles have issued cards for a young people's dance on January 12.

Miss Florrie Allison's birthday party, of which mention was made last week, was a very delightful affair. A *recherche* tea was served at half past six and much enjoyed by the little folks under the kind supervision of Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Akers, Miss Leslie, Miss Gray and Miss Garland. Dancing and games followed until eleven o'clock. Little Miss Elwood's dancing was very much admired, the dainty little lady being dressed in a very *chic* pink frock. The Misses Nettie and Muriel Barwick looked very pretty in pure white. Some other charming young people were: The Misses Edith McArthur, Lilla Lee, Myrtle Ivey, Beatrice Carter, Alicia Hobson, Bertha and Ethel McKenzie, May Pugsley, Nellie and Gypsey Akers, Lilla Kent, Mary Elwood, Elsie Holliwell, Edie Coady, Ethel Townsend, Ida Smith, Hazel and Olive Sheppard, Mabel Wilkes, Belle Garland, Lillie Sloan, Dolly Jacobi, Joe Lee, Walter Godson, Roland Webb, Charlie Hall, Eddie Allison, Percy Ivey, George Sloan, Willie and James McCord, Willie Hobton and Reginald Wilkie.

Mr. S. O. Wright of Detroit has been spending a few days in Toronto.

A Classical Chamber Music Concert by the Detroit Philharmonic Club is announced for Friday, January 13, and will be given in the pretty hall of the Normal School. Lovers of music will listen with delight to this most excellent club.

A reception was held at Webb's on Wednesday evening for the active members of the Canadian Society of Musicians and their friends. A most delightful evening was spent. A feature of the evening was the playing of Mrs. Frances J. Moore's latest waltz by the charming composer. An orchestra played during the evening, and very dainty refreshments were served in the banquet room. Among the guests were: Signor and Madame D'Auria, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. H. Guest Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Schuch, Dr. and Mrs. Huycke Garratt, Mrs. McGillivray, Misses Gaylord, Jardine-Thomson, Gurney, Maud Gordon, Lilli Kleiser, McFarlane, Denzil, and Messrs. Dinelli, Arnot, Dr. Bruce, Harry Field, Martin, Deane, Paul Jarvis and many others. The reception was given by Mrs. Gordon Bigelow, who was unfortunately unable to take her place as hostess, as since the lamented death of her husband she has not resided in Toronto. Madame D'Auria wore a becoming cream gown with green velvet sleeves; Mrs. Fisher looked very sweet in black lace over pink silk; Mrs. Jarvis was in black; Mrs. Harrison wore black with red velvet sleeves and trimmings; Mrs. Maurice McFarlane wore black and cream trimmings; Miss Maud Gordon wore an elegant white *faille* with *chiffon* frills; Miss McGillivray wore a sweet Empire gown of cream *crepe de chine*, in which she looked perfectly charming; Miss Jardine-Thomson wore another Empire dress of cream *faille*, and was *poudre* in a most becoming style. Her flashing dark eyes well suit the powder and patches of the Empire period; Miss Irene Gurney's gown was exquisite; it was of cream satin and silver brocade and was a marvel of delicate beauty; Miss Kleiser was in a pretty little white dress; Miss Minnie Gaylord was also in white. Among the guests from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Byron Nicholson, from Quebec, who are staying in Toronto this winter, and Mr. A. M. Read from St. Catharines.

The Grand was filled with unusually interesting audiences during this week. The attraction to many a young man and bonnie society belle was the presence of a Toronto lady in the *caste*. And how well she kept up the reputation of Toronto people for clever actors. Really, with Franklyn McLeay last week and Miss Carrie Scales this, one can well be proud of our histrionic *debutantes*. Some lovely Empire gowns were worn by Miss Behrens and our own "Miss Miskel;" each change of costume looked prettier than the last. A lovely pale blue gown, worn by Miss Caroline Miskel, was particularly suited to her fair beauty. Among the audience I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. Cozens, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Dr. and Mrs. Allan Baynes, Mr. and Mrs. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Scales, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher and party, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Brown. The boxes were filled and everyone seemed enthusiastic over the pretty lady who suits her tantalizing part of the *mignonne* French fine lady so well. Some floral offerings were handed up and received with such a charming piquant little bow, entirely free from the *empressement* of the amateur.

The Misses Pope give a tea and dance to-day at their home on St. George street.

The reception at Government House on Wednesday was not as largely attended at usual. People are occupied largely with business and family affairs during Christmas week, and only a small coterie of ladies and gentlemen offered good wishes to the gracious people at Government House.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick received in an elegant brocaded satin gown; Miss Kirkpatrick wore a pretty pale blue waist and dark skirt; some smart winter gowns and becoming hats were worn by the callers, who left many wishes for a Happy New Year with our popular society leaders.

Mr. Alder D. Bliss of Ottawa spent the holidays in Toronto.

Mr. Chapman of Hamilton spent a few days with friends in town lately.

Rev. Dr. Harrison, of St Matthias, has returned from a delightful visit to friends in New York.

Mrs. Stewart (*nee* Michie) has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Michie of Wellington place. She returned home on Wednesday.

Lieutenant Hodgins of the Royal Artillery has been spending Christmas at home.

Lieutenant Macdonell of the Canadian regiment, Fredericton, and Captain Septimus Denison of London, are also visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cozens of Sault Ste. Marie are visiting Mrs. Grant of Harbord street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fletcher are residing at 144 Wilton avenue. Canon DuMoulin has taken Mr. Fletcher's house at 55 Wellesley street for three months, while St. James' rectory is being renovated.

Mrs. Charles Brown of Isabella street gave an elegant family Christmas dinner on Monday evening.

Another happy family party was given on Monday by Mrs. Fred Walker of Maitland street. This was one of the pleasantest dinners of the Christmas season.

On Monday evening next our charming lassie, Miss Jessie Alexander, with Mr. Charles Roberts of New York will give a joint recital at the Pavilion which will gather an audience from every corner of the city, in which Miss Alexander has many admirers and friends.

One of the jolliest dances of the season was that given to the *caste* of the Marriage Dramas on Thursday of last week. It began early, for a Cinderella regulation was in force, and just at twelve o'clock the orchestra played God Save the Queen. Perhaps it was because the young people knew they had only so long to dance that their dancing was so full of vim and enjoyment. Among the pretty faces was noticeable the gentle one of the Jewish bride, Miss Anora Trounce, who was charming in white dotted muslin and red berries; Miss Daisy McMurray wore pearl gray with white silk trimming; Miss Brown, Empire gown of lace silk with black velvet; Miss M. Minty, black lace; Miss Amy Hope, flowered delaine with lace; Miss Bostwick, silver gray with loops of pale blue ribbon; Miss May Hughes, nile green and shell pink silk; Miss Mathews, pale pink and gray; Miss Smith, the Indian bride, was lovely in brown color and black; Miss Maud Scales, who is always sweetly dressed, wore pale gray. Everyone looked extremely well, and fun was the order of the evening.

A very pleasant At Home, given by the lady managers of the Protestant Orphans' Home, took place on the 27th inst. and was largely attended. Tier upon tier of sweet childish faces, beaming with pleasure, greeted the guests, while the ever-popular Santa Claus (personated by Major Leigh) had a picturesque tent full of Christmas presents. After these had been distributed the children marched to the dining hall, where a bountiful treat was provided. Silence reigned and every little hand was clasped together while grace was sung by nearly two hundred children's voices. Among those present were: Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Schreiber, Mrs. and Miss Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Blue, Mr. and Mrs. Revell, Mrs. Robin, Rev. Mr. Manning, Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wootten, the Misses Morgan, Mr. H. A. Massey of the Advisory Board, and others.

A quiet little wedding occurred at St. Mark's church, Parkdale, Rev. Mr. Ingals officiating. The contracting parties were Mr. George T. Lovell of Burlington, Vermont, and Miss Sophie Pell. The bride was assisted by Miss Lottie Healey, and the groom by Mr. E. A. De La Hook. Those present comprised only the intimate friends and relatives of the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Lovell left on the five o'clock train for New York, where they will spend some weeks before going to their home in Vermont.

One of the most fashionable weddings ever held in Clinton took place in Rattenbury street church on Wednesday, December 28. The contracting parties were Miss May L. Taylor, only daughter of Mr. Wm. Taylor, and Mr. F. W. French, B.A., classical master of the Pembroke high school. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. W. Shilton, B.A., pastor of the church. At the appointed hour the church was well filled with interested friends, amongst whom were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. R. Holmes, Inspector and Mrs. Robb, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lough, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Bruce, Misses Kelly and Smith of Toronto, Miss Love of Stanton and Rev. Mr. Ranton of Michigan, with many other young friends. The presents were numerous, including an upright piano, the gift of the groom. The bride was attired in an ivory silk trimmed with Irish point lace caught with ribbon, and looked charming; her bridal veil was secured with orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of roses fringed with white carnations. She was attended by Miss Bell-Smith of Toronto and two little maids of honor, Miss Ella Rolland of Toronto and Miss Mary Lough of Clinton. Miss Bell-Smith wore pale blue silk with *crepe de chine* and feather trimmings, while Miss Ella Rolland wore pale blue, and Miss Mary Tough, cream with large white beaver hat mounted with plumes. The happy couple left for the East with the best wishes of their numerous friends.

Mr. W. Arthur Hossie of Montreal spent Christmas in the city, the guest of Mr. James C. Crane.

Miss Florence Waugmar of Rochester, N.Y., is visiting Mrs. Charles Dawson of Carlton street during the holidays.

St. Peter's church was thronged with guests and interested friends to witness the marriage of Mr. Cesare J. Marani and Miss Sara Beatrice Mason, which took place on Thursday afternoon at half-past two. The bride wore a lovely bridal robe of cream white *sicilienne* silk, with embroidered *chiffon*, and a wreath of orange blossoms and heather with a tulle veil. Her bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Amy E. Mason, her cousin, Miss Kate Mason, Miss Josie Gooderham and Miss Lucas of Philadelphia. These charming attendants wore gowns of cream Bedford cord, trimmed with velvet—two being pink and two delicate blue. The *chapeaux* were of pink or blue felt to match the trimmings, and were trimmed with ostrich tips. The groomsmen were Messrs. Virgil Marani, the bridegroom's younger brother, Clarkson W. Canniff, Walter C. Brough and Dr. A. Boultbee. Six ushers formed the procession to the altar and looked after the seating of the guests. They were: Messrs. B. Morton Jones, George M. Mitchell, Dr. Geoff Boyd, W. Cowan, Vaux Chadwick and Newton T. Kerr. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, where the wedding *dejeuner* was spread, and the many friends of the popular bride and groom offered congratulations. I am told that Toronto will not lose Mrs. Marani just now, as she will be one of our hostesses at all events until the spring, and will no doubt be even more admired and liked in her new *role* than she was as Miss Mason.

The marriage of Miss Lottie Cuff, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Cuff, to Mr. Charles B. Harrison, eldest son of Mr. Robert Harrison, was celebrated at the family residence, 36 Coolmine road, on Wednesday, December 21, by Rev. J. McL. Ballard, rector of St. Ann's. The

*Continued on Page Thirteen.*

GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
TORONTO.

His Honor the Lieut.-Governor will hold a Reception at Government House on

**Monday, the 2nd of January**

between the hours of four and six o'clock.

By command FRED'K C. LAW,
Comd'r R. N.,
Official Sec'y.


PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Special reduction in Gloves during the Christmas season. Lined Gloves and Silk Knitted Mitts.
Evening Gloves in all the latest shades to match any costume.
SPECIAL—Suede $1.00; Glace Gloves, 95c.
Novelties in Purses and Shopping Bags

Wm. Stitt & Co., 11 & 13 King St. East

Not a Lamp here and there, but a whole store full of them—all styles.

PANTECHNETHECA
116 Yonge Street
Shade frames, any size or shape, 50c. each.

Card of Thanks

The J. E. Ellis Co.
LIMITED
Wish to express their thanks for the
LIBERAL PATRONAGE
they have received during the past season, and respectfully solicit the same confidence and good will for the coming year.

No. 3 King St. East

Best Makes of English Cutlery
DESSERT FISH, GAME
KNIVES AND FORKS
In Sets and Cases
RICE LEWIS & SON
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CHRISTMAS
Cakes
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SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF
CATERING AND DINNERS BANQUETS CONFECTIONERY
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ENTERTAINMENTS

## Out of Town.

### St. Thomas.

"What is it" has appeared in our daily papers for many weeks, as the name of a series of entertainments to be given in the drill shed on four evenings of last week under the auspices of the 25th Battalion, the W. C. T. U. and the Y's. As the performances were given night after night, the secret was revealed and from Tuesday to Friday evening the interest was unabated. Ye Drilling Place was decorated very tastefully and had the appearance of a Fair of all Nations, from Greenland's icy land, to the Irish Log Cabin. All the maidens in attendance at the different booths and tents looked very charming in national costumes. An Old Folk's Concert was given on Tuesday evening, and right quaint and pretty did Ye Olde Folkes look. The concert was under the direction of Miss Farley and was very successful throughout. Among many noticeable costumes were those worn by Miss Jolliffe, who sang delightfully Way Down Upon the Suance River; Miss Ethel Rich, Miss Scott, Ye Spinnet Player; Miss A. Farley, Miss Bowley, Miss McIntyre, Miss Winnie Graham, Miss Perry, and Messrs. R. Arkell, Murch and Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds in splendid voice sang When George the III. was King. The concert was repeated by request, during one of the succeeding evenings. On Wednesday a programme of tableaux and band music was given very acceptably. Our pretty girls looked even prettier than usual in such tableaux as A New England Scene, Three Graces, Music, Art and Commerce, Canada, The Snow Queen, Early Days, etc. On Thursday evening the band of the Canadian Regiment of Infantry of London gave a military concert interspersed by military tableaux, to a crowded audience. Children's night, given on Friday evening, brought to a close one of the most successful affairs ever given in St. Thomas. About $400 was cleared.

Mrs. James Coyne gave a very enjoyable *musicale* on December 20, to about fifty of her friends. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Austin, Rev. J. A. and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. McGeary, the Misses Allworth, Miss A. McAdam, Mrs. and Miss Scarff, Miss I. McAdam, Mrs. D. K. McKenzie, Miss C. Phillips, Mr. John and Miss Farley, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Finlay and many others.

The Misses Hughes gave an afternoon tea last week. There were present: Mrs. Kains, Mrs. G. K. Morton, Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. McCartney, Miss Thompson, Miss Shulte and others.

The members of the University Glee Club were certainly possessed of untiring good nature when they presented their choice programme to an insatiable audience on Thursday of last week. Number after number was encored, and the crowded house thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated every part of the programme. Mr. Laurie Boyd, who possesses a very pure tenor voice, made a decided hit in his song, Carissima, while the Banjo and Guitar Club and Mandolin Quartette had to respond to encores for each number. Perhaps the best rendered selections of the Glee Club were Landerer's Night Song and Cloud-Capped Towers. Mrs. A. McCrimmon entertained about sixteen of the students after the concert.

The wedding of Miss Gossage to a Chicago doctor took place on Wednesday the 28th inst. at Trinity church. Cards and invitations were issued to many of Miss Gossage's friends. Although for years a resident of Chicago, Miss Gossage spent her earlier days in St. Thomas, where she has very many friends who will regret the fact that she is about to leave us for a more western home.

Mr. Arthur Ellis and his brother, Mr. Henry Ellis of Windsor, spent Christmas with their parents on Metcalfe street.

Mr. H. Thompson of the Molson's Bank, Ridgetown, spent Christmas in town.

Mr. George Burns, C. P. R. auditor, Montreal, is taking a few days' holidays and spending them at his home on Wellington street.

Mr. Thomas White is spending the Christmas holidays with his parents, having come down from Winnipeg, where he reports the cold 40° below zero.

Mr. H. B. Travers, having sold out his practice in Galt, is now with us again. We predict a good future here among his old friends, who think he should have always stayed in St. Thomas.

Mr. E. Rutherford of Toronto spent last Sunday in town.

The Misses Travers are visiting their brother, manager of the Merchants' Bank, Berlin.

Mr. Douglass, son-in-law of His Honor Judge Hughes, is spending a few days with his relations. His wife and children accompanied him from their home in Sarnia.

THOMAS.

## Sonnet—To a Diamond.

*For Saturday Night.*

O, bauteous diamond, thou prince of gems,
More beautiful than all the stones of earth,
Altho' in regions dark thou hadst thy birth,
So far beneath the sun's or moon's bright beams;
And yet thou seemst so full of daylight gleams,
No one would think thou camest from a hearth
Of unburnt coals, where sadness reigns, not mirth,
For all thy rainbow tints seem but emblems
Of sparkling, ever varying jollity;
For as I hold thee in my fingers light,
Thou changest even while I gaze at thee,
Now blue, now crimson, now a liq id white,
Until thou seemst almost to have a soul,
Thy tints—the many moods that o'er thee roll.

A. W. CRAWFORD.
Galt, Ont.

## Nomination Day.

Elections are difficult things to gauge. Sometimes we are turned by a straw, sometimes we are so pig-headed that an electric motor of four hundred horse power wouldn't turn us from being stationary cranks, if there are such things, but crank always suggests to my mind turning.

"You are a good Reformer," said an uncle of mine to a nephew of his wife.

"Yes, uncle, but do you know how we became Reformers?"

"Were you not always so?"

"No. I have heard grandmother tell it hundreds of times, and she always told it as something to be proud of. Grandfather always voted on the other side, but one day George Brown called at grandfather's. He was Scotch and so were they; he was full of policy and they were full of the Scotch clanship. After chatting up Scotch reminiscences he rose to go, and, in shaking hands with grandmother, left a five dollar piece in her hand. She was as proud of that gold piece as if it were the Koh-i-Noor. To her it was a keep sake, and as such she exhibited it to her friends, as a present from George Brown, and when he came before the constituency there was one vote he was so sure of, and that was grandfather's. Bribery never entered their innocent heads, or hearts, but from that time grandfather always voted on the side that George Brown was on."

Country nominations are fun. They just remind me of an auctioneer talking up the article that is for sale. If the speaker is the candidate, the merits of the great I, and in "what way I'll retrench to keep taxes down," of course is slightly personal. He is the bargain! and after him follows the speaker auctioneer, who piles the etc., etc. so heavy, that if you don't think the article firstrate you think you couldn't do better, and if the vote was registered that moment, that party would get it. But there are two sides to everything, namely, this side and the other side. We have listened to this side, and by the time we have taken that side in, we go home to think it over—at least some of us do. But, there, that opens another train of thought, for neither the masses nor the classes bother themselves with thinking, for very often they work or act from intuition or influence in marking their ballot.

It is well that at the beginning both candidates can make and enjoy a joke and laugh at their own expense. That reminds me of a story of a half-witted boy who, on looking over the fence, saw a bull, and into his daft pate crept the idea what fun it would be to take the bull by the horns. And he laughed and laughed with the thought, and then put it into execution. The animal resented the liberty and pitched him over the fence with a heavy thud, and as he slowly picked himself up, he remarked that it was a good job he laughed first.

LIZ.

## A Daughter of This Degenerate Age.

She had a shrill young voice that pervaded the whole car, and when she spoke to the infantile darling at her side she slopped over into baby talk that made all the other passengers grit their teeth and clutch the plush backs of the seats in front. The car was full, and the fond young guardian of infancy and innocence occupied the first seat. Back to back with that was the seat that faced the stove, and on this undesirable spot sat a thin, old man, with three satchels and chin whiskers.

There was a lull for a few miles, and the passengers began to relax their muscles and breathe freer, when the fusillade suddenly began again.

"Seepy, little dirl! Oh, so seepy?"

No response.

"Was oo mamma's wittle yam? Mamma's wittle yammy yam? Look up here. Look at me! Oh, you bad. Was oo mamma's naughty bad?"

Three slaps.

"Oh, you bad, precious, little sing. Mamma's Daisy Ducktums, her ownie totty trots. Kissum me! Do you hear? Kissum me!"

There were beads of perspiration on the face of the man with the chin whiskers, and when the conductor opened the car door he gave a convulsive shiver that knocked down the coal shovel.

"Conductor," he whispered, "you haven't come too soon."

"Why?"

"I'm a desperate man."

"Too hot?" asked the conductor soothingly, opening the stove door.

"Hot! Man, it's that woman and baby back of me. It's the baby twaddle. I tell you I can't stand it. I've raised nine young ones myself out in Ioway, and I didn't raise 'em on that. Git the woman anything she wants. Git her a house and lot. I'll chip in; but keep her quiet. If you don't, conductor, I'll brain that baby with this yaller sample case. Hear? I'm despirit!"

The conductor didn't reply. He leaned over to the young woman and said:

"Madam, you must send that dog to the baggage car."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## A Ham-Biguous Reply.

The following is copied from the *Gripsack*: The recent election for the presidency of the Dominion Commercial Travelers' Association excited an unusual interest, and active canvass had been kept up for several weeks by the friends of Larry Wilson and George Cains. Captain T., who was working energetically for Larry, wrote to Geo. H. Ham, the well known C. P. R. hustler, soliciting his vote and interest, which elicited the following humorous reply:

"MONCTON, N. B., Nov. 19, 1892.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—Yours of the 17th received this morning and found me full of rheumatism and sobriety, but in all other respects doing quite well. I am not pledged to support anyone except my family, and am willing to endorse Mr. L. A. Wilson's candidature if I can conscientiously do so. Let me say, in the first place, that the fact of his being a friend of yours will not militate against him, with me at any rate. I suppose he can't help it. Before I could give my adhesion to Mr. Wilson's candidature I must understand his platform. Does he believe in protection or closer trade relations? Is he a Protestant or an American? What are his views on the constitutionality of the Manitoba School Act and the Westminster Confession of Faith? Is he a Scott Act man, or does he believe in five cent beer? Does he favor the absorption of the I. C. R. by the Canadian Pacific, or is he a Home Ruler? What position does he take on the entrance of Newfoundland into the union? Is he married or does he sing in a church choir? Does he look upon the wine when it is red, white or blue? Is he a Christian or a Grit? Can he drink gracefully out of a jug, and who does he think should succeed Lord Tennyson as poet laureate? Does he shave himself, and can he repeat the ten commandments in the United States language? Does he pay by check or I. O. U.? If those questions are satisfactorily answered I will aid his candidature all I can. By the by, what office is he running for? Yours truly,

GEO. H. HAM."

A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

## Suffering from Over-application.

The mother's countenance was filled with care and solicitude. Gazing for an instant at the fragile figure and pallid face of the young girl who reclined at length upon the couch, she sighed and followed the doctor from the room.

"It's too great application——"

Her voice trembled and tears clung to her drooping lashes.

—"to her lessons, don't you think?"

The physician nodded sadly.

"She's determined——"

She repressed a sob.

—"to be as accomplished as the rest of the girls. Yesterday——"

The mother's heart was bursting with the thought of the child's failing health.

—"she insisted——"

Her cheeks were wet now.

—"in spite of my protestations——"

Her bosom heaved and her lips quivered.

—"upon taking her first instruction in——"

She pressed a handkerchief to her streaming eyes.

—"smoking cigarettes, although there isn't another child of her age in town who has got that far. She——"

Sinking upon a chair she surrendered herself entirely to her grief.

—"is too ambitious for her strength and her l-l-life will p-p-pay for it."

Hastily writing a prescription, the doctor seized his hat with something akin to desperation in his manner and abruptly departed.—*Detroit Tribune.*

## High-Priced Experience.

"Experience," said young Mr. Rusher, "is the teacher that I best like to pay."

That was several weeks ago.

Last Wednesday Mrs. Rusher went down town to buy a hat. Like the dutiful little wife that she is, she went around to her husband's office and asked for an expression of his taste.

"Come," said he, "we'll look at some of the windows and I'll show you what I like."

By and by they stood where a sign announced that "Paris bonnets" and "London hats" were on sale. The young married pair looked over the display.

"I want a nice hat," said Mrs. Rusher, "but not an expensive one."

She pointed to a pretty thing with a profusion of red flowers and some rich-looking trimming on it.

In her innermost soul she thought it a cheap-looking affair, but for the sake of economy she would forego a better one. In his innermost soul he thought it horribly extravagant, and then he said:

"Don't you think, dear, that that is a trifle loud for one of your delicate senses and refined appearance?"

She murmured something of thanks.

"Yes," he went on, "I must say that I don't like a hat of that sort. Now, over there—that big one with the plumes and one red rose—there's simplicity for you."

In his innermost heart he felt mean, for in reality the hat looked cheap to him. Mrs. Rusher only said:

"Very well, dear, your taste shall prevail."

And so they parted, Mrs. Rusher bound for her milliner's, Mr. Rusher speedily and gally headed for his office.

It was two weeks before he got the bill. In the meantime he had come to like the hat immensely. Mrs. Rusher seemed delighted with it. Then the young husband found a little letter awaiting him at the office. Here it is:

PARIS BONNETS.
THE LOUVRE MILLINERS.
To Mr. Legal Rusher, Dr.

To one hat.....$36 50

"Those plumes, my dear," Mrs. Rusher explained, "are the best. That piece of felt is very fine, and those flowers are imp——"

"Mrs. Rusher," the young man said, "what was the price of that other hat?"

"If you must know, Legal, dear," smiled the sweet little wife, "it was a holdover, marked down to $7.98."

In a little book that Mr. Legal Rusher keeps he has lately added this item:

"Experience in millinery.....$28 52"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

## How He Came There.

The defendant, who was as black as the ace of spades, bore the euphemistic surname of John White. Magistrate Donnelly laughed as he asked:

"Well, White, what black crime are you guilty of?"

White shuffled his big feet uneasily, and Officer Nevins responded:

"Stealin' chickens, your honor. At least he didn't get no chickens; but he tried hard enough."

Farmer Edwards, the owner of the hen house, was called and said: "Last Saturday night I seen this here man hangin' round my hen house, and——"

"No sah, yo' honah, he didn't see me; hit wus Si Lufty wot he seen," the prisoner interrupted.

"I suppose you weren't near the place at all," said the magistrate sharply.

"No, sah."

"How do you know Lufty was there?"

"A frien' done tole me."

"But, your honor, I'm sure I seen this man," the prosecutor cried.

"No, sah; hit wus Lufty. Kase yo' didn't look inter de chicken house, whar I wuz."

"Oh, no!" said the judge. "So you were there after all. Well, White, probably you can tell us what you were doing there?"

White scratched his head and said: "I doan' strictly recomember how hit happened, jedge; but somebody knocked me down and toted me in and locked the doah."—*Philadelphia Record.*

## No Ordinary Man Could Afford Both.

Franklin Furnise—When did you start your furnace?

Morrison Essex—When I stopped cutting the grass.

Franklin Furnise—And when do you usually stop cutting the grass?

Morrison Essex—As soon as it's time to start the furnace.

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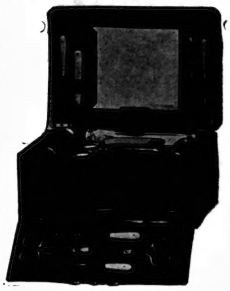
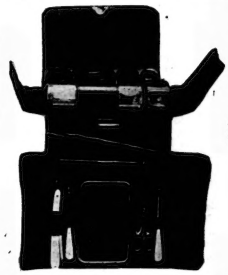
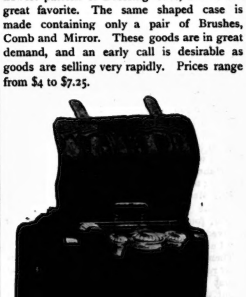


H. E. CLARKE & CO. have imported direct from the manufacturers a large variety of Leather Dressing Cases. The above cut represents one of the most popular patterns. It is of elgeant finish, convenient shape and choice quality. Prices range from $7 to $25.



H. E. CLARKE & CO. realize that a Leather Dressing Case is now a necessity to all who like comfort when travelling, and the above is an illustration of the favorite style of case. They have them in great variety, fitted either for Lady or Gentleman, and at prices to suit all. They range from $2 to $20.

H. E. CLARKE & CO. show above as the newest pattern of Dressing Case, and it is a great favorite. The same shaped case is made containing only a pair of Brushes, Comb and Mirror. These goods are in great demand, and an early call is desirable as goods are selling very rapidly. Prices range from $4 to $7.25.



H. E. CLARKE & CO. would draw attention to their Toilet Bags. They make the most acceptable present possible to be given, and they have a large stock of them to choose from. These Bags are arranged in various ways and are of different patterns, to suit all requirements. Prices from $7.50 to $100.

In addition to goods already described they carry an immense variety of Purses, Card Cases, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Pocket Flasks, Brush and Comb Sets, Manicures, Glove and Handkerchief Sets, Opera Glasses Photograph Holders and Frames, Satchels, Writing Cases, Chatelaines, Inkstands, &c. They also have some very superior lines in Trunks and Travelling Bags, made specially for Christmas trade, and some Children's Trunks that make a very useful as well as ornamental present.

Store open in the evenings until after Christmas.

H. E. Clarke & Co.
105 King Street West

# Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

*Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.*

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## CHAPTER X.

PAT DOOLAN TO THE RESCUE.

Pat Doolan slept in a hammock of his own construction in a cabin of the Great House, not far from the master's room. He had been swinging about uncomfortably, harassed by troublous dreams, for some little time before he awoke with a groan, conscious that something was wrong. He peered out into the night. There were shadowy forms moving about near the house

Pushing open his cabin-window, that was formed like a port-hole, he heard mutterings, and now decidedly a smothered scream. He slipped into his breeches, dragged his big boots upon his big feet, fastened his belt about his waist, thrust a couple of pistols into it, gripped a short hard stick, and sallied forth.

First he went into the master's room, the door of which was always left ajar, awoke him with the information that something bad was afoot, and then going out into the night made or the door of Keith's part of the Great House.

Arrived in front of the little porch of the Keith annex, he fell over the dead body of the dog Sampson and stumbled through the open door into the room where Ruddock and Lester Bentz had bound Mrs. Keith, and just at the moment when they were having trouble in the next room with Sally Mumford. He knew nothing of the condition of Mrs. Keith, who was lying by the settle gagged, but Sally was proclaiming her woes with unmistakable vigor. She had been awakened to meet the gaze of a couple of ruffians who had turned a dark lantern upon her, for what villainy she did not know, but of course it was nothing short of murder.

"Have at ye, ye baste of prey!" exclaimed Pat, dashing to her assistance.

In a moment, with his short bit of timber, a souvenir of the "ould country," he had felled first one and then the other of the two intruders.

"Surrender!" he went on, planting his right foot upon one and dominating the other with his cudgel, "surrender, or bi gorrah yoor dead men, and bi gorrah I think ye are whether ye surrender or not."

Here he picked up a dark lantern which one of them had dropped and turned it upon the two marauders.

"Oh, its' naybor Bentz and one o' the admirals, is it? Sure ye're a mighty fine brace o' thaves, an'n't ye, to disturb inoffensive settlers in the middle av God's blessed night! Lie still where ye are while I disarm ye or I'll blow ye both to the devil!"

Pat stooped over them, took away their weapons, which he stuffed into his own belt, and then addressed Sally.

"Sure and ye are quite safe, Mistress Sally! Get up wid ye and light the candles; I'll turn my back while ye put on your ball dress and make your wylss. Don't whimper, Master, it's all right; Pat Doolan's by your side."

The child had uttered a little cry, but was hushed back to quiet by Sally, while she pulled the curtain about her and put on her things. Ruddock and Bentz meanwhile thought it good policy to remain quiet, in the hope that their comrades, missing them, would return and call them to the boats.

At this juncture the master entered the front room with a lantern. Glancing about the place he saw Hannah, and released her. "Great heavens, what has happened!" he asked.

Hannah could not answer him. He had raised her up. She fell into his arms.

"Are you hurt, my darling!" he asked, fondling her.

"No," she whispered. She could only speak in whispers.

"Who has done this thing? Where is Alan?"

"Alan," she whispered, "has gone."

"Where, my love, where?"

"They have killed him," she said, and relaxing her hold upon her father would have slipped to the ground but for the strong arm he had wound about her waist.

"Hannah, don't give way; be brave; be strong; tell me, dear, what has happened."

But Hannah was speechless. He laid her upon the window seat, and looked about for water, found a jug, bathed her face, and she revived.

"I am better," she whispered, half rising.

Then Pat Doolan's voice was heard in the next room saying, "Now, Sally, go and see about the mistress; where is she? That's right, give us light. Oh, ye cursed villains!"

Before the master had made a step towards the next room the front door was filled with sailors. "Admiral Ruddock," said the spokesman, "are you here?"

"Yes," shouted Ruddock from the next room. "I'm a prisoner; release me!"

"Bring in your lantern," said the spokesman, addressing someone outside.

A sailor, armed to the teeth, entered with a ship's lantern. The spokesman signed for the man to advance, and for another to support him with his cutlass. The master stood by Hannah, who had once more risen to her feet.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Bi gorrah, that's the master," exclaimed Pat from the next room. "Sure, sorr, we're all right, and little David's all right. And by the holy St. Patrick, the man that puts his snout in here, I'll blow his head off! I mane it, by mi soul!"

There was a dead silence. The click of Pat's pistols was head distinctly.

"O, Pat dear!" said Sally, half-pleading, half-admiring.

"It's a throw bill, s'help me, bi jabers!" said Pat.

"We only want our comrades; we intend no harm; our work is accomplished," said the spokesman.

"Indade, and is it?" said Pat. "I can't say as much for myself, then."

"What was your work, may I ask, besides having gagged and bound my daughter, villain?" asked the master.

"We have done her no other harm; it was necessary that she should be prevented from crying out."

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the master.

"Nay, I did not do it," said the spokesman, but it had to be done, I suppose, and there's an end of it. Come forth, admiral, and you, Master Bentz."

"Come to our rescue," said Ruddock, "there's a pistol at our heads."

"Pistol, by St. Patrick! There's two; and if the murdering gang don't disperse off the face av the earth before I count three I'll shoot your ugly faces into a jelly!"

Here Sally, with little David in her arms, rushed out of the room, and the next moment the child was in its mother's arms, though they clutched it with a weak and faltering embrace.

"Permit our comrades their freedom," said Smith, "and that is all we require. Our work is done."

"Master, what'il I do? Give me orders to execute the villains."

"You will answer my questions and leave this house without further molestation, your comrades being released!" said Plympton, addressing the spokesman.

"We will," said the spokesman.

"Are you here with authority?"

"Yes, the authority of the admiral of the fleet and with a force sufficient for the release of our comrades."

"You seem to be a fair-spoken man. I take your word. Pat!"

"Yessorr!"

"Release the brave gentlemen!"

"Yessorr! My brave gallants with your great souls, get up wid ye!"

Mr. Bentz and Admiral Ruddock came forth.

"Thank the boy for your lives," said the master, addressing them as Pat stepped out by their side.

"I'll none av their thanks, master; the hang man will take care av them when it comes to his turn."

"Smith, you will find us at the boats," said Ruddock, arranging his ruffled plumes and making for the door, Bentz after him, Pat half-tempted to empty his pistol into them as the spokesman made way for them. Hannah bent weeping over little David, Sally sitting by her side and stroking her hair.

"I'm sorry the young woman and the child have been disturbed," said Smith. "I don't know why it was considered necessary."

"And what authority could have justified an attack upon this lady?"

"That—you must ask my betters," said Smith. "We had orders to make an arrest, which, I presume, she resisted."

"What arrest? Nay, you need not say, since I find this poor child's husband absent. What has happened to him?"

"No harm," said the spokesman.

"Oh, thank God," whispered Hannah hoarsely. "Oh, Alan, Alan!"

"He is under arrest," continued the spokesman, "charged with rebellion against his majesty the king and other crimes."

"Yes!" said the master, suppressing his anxiety and indignation; "and where is he?"

"By this time he is on board the vessel of the admiral of the fleet."

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Hannah, looking up with wild eyes and blanched face.

"Comfort ye lady," said one of the ship's men, Donald Nicol, who had stood near the spokesman during the brief colloquy with Plympton; "your gude man Iana without friends."

"Donald Nicol," said Smith, turning upon the speaker, "I would have ye understand there is only one spokesman here."

"I ammun so sair o' that," said the other; "there's nae a mon present whose gotten a heart in his breast that wouldna like to say a kind word of hope to Alan Keith's young wife."

"Whatever reparation in the way of explanation was necessary has been made, and that's the end of it, Nicol," said the spokesman.

"Dinna ye think I'm a log wi out a heart or a free voice, Jim Smith," Nicol replied. "Master Plympton, I tell ye, we're sorry, mon an' my mates, that the gude lady has been put aboot, and if I'm yard-armed for it that's what I've gotten to say!"

"And me," said a red-bearded fellow-countryman of Nicol's.

"So say we all of us, by——!" exclaimed another, which drew forth a hearty response of "Aye-ayes."

"Man of the admiral's ship," said Smith, red with rage, "attention!"

The men fell together.

"Right-about. March!"

The men filed out, Smith at their head.

"Pat, get some brandy from the liquor cupboard," said the master.

"Yes, yer honor," said Pat.

"Sally, put your mistress to bed."

"Yes sir," said Sally, taking the child from Hannah's arms and retiring with it to her own room.

"Ah, bless it, it's a good bairn; it knows it's safe with its Sally; bless its brave heart, it will lie quiet and go to sleep."

Sally was heard cooing to her charge for several minutes before she returned.

"My dear Hannah, it's a dreadful business, but you must not give way. I know what you feel, but we'll soon have Alan back, never fear; keep a good heart for his sake, love, and for mine."

Hannah began to cry for the first time.

"It is very hard, I know, but we must be patient."

"Yes," she said between her sobs, "I am better now; I will bear up, dear."

"Take a little of this," said her father, handing her a cup with a mixture of brandy and water. "You must, love; it is the finest medicine in the world."

Hannah took the cup and drank.

"That's right. Now, Sally, assist your mistress. You will be better after an hour or two. I will not leave the house."

"Bi jabers, it's true, there's nothing like it," said Pat, helping himself to a hornful of the liquor. "It's mate and drink and firearms, sure it is."

Sally and Hannah disappeared, and the master and Pat stood looking at each other. "Sure, master dear, take a drink yourself."

"No, thank you, Pat," said Plympton. "Sit down. God bless you, Pat, for a staunch, true, brave fellow!"

"Brave is it, wid a couple of spalpeens that I could break over my knee! But what's to be done, master?"

"Yes, what's to be done? They have tied our hands, Pat; we are bound hand and foot with Alan a prisoner to Ristack; it is an awful business!"

"So it is; it's just the darkest hour we've had at Heart's Delight. Couldn't we collect a crew and go for a rescue? There's the little fort; we could play on the blackguard ships and cover a rescue party."

"My dear Patrick, one round from their long gun would settle us, and what could we do with a half-armed mob against their muskets and small cannon? No, Pat, we must be diplomatic, we must negotiate and, above all, we must wait. They are in the wrong; we must keep to the letter of the law. Go and rouse such of our neighbors as may be sleeping, tell them what has happened, but without a flourish. Tell them simply that Alan Keith has been arrested; tell them to be up betimes and get away to the Back Bay Valley, so that we keep our part of the compact and leave no further excuse for outrage. First, Pat, we must get the women and the children out of harm's way; make them comfortable, do you see, with their own belongings about them, and be clear out of Heart's Delight within the four-and-twenty hours. Our friend Preedie knows all about Alan's arrangements for the tents and shelters. God has given us kind weather for the exodus, and He will not leave us to the fury of our enemies."

"Please God, no," said Pat reverently.

"But let all things go on just as if Alan was with us."

"Yes, yer honor."

"You understand that?"

"Entirely."

"The time may come for fighting, Pat; I think it will; but we must first make our dispositions."

"That's right," said Pat.

"Put the garrison in order."

"I see, yer honor."

"I am sure you do, Pat; and now I want you to be as wily and discreet as you are brave, Pat."

"Dipind on me, master; I'll emulate the serpent Master Preedie spoke of, never fear. You shall find everything go just as smooth as if Heart's Delight was enjoying itself to the bitter end. I don't mean exactly that, but as if we was just movin' out to Paradise, and it was the thing we'd been looking to all our blessed lives."

"That's what I wish, Pat; go now, and when you have seen the good people fairly settled at Back Bay Valley, then, Pat, we will talk about fighting."

"Please God, sorr," said Pat, unbarring the door and disappearing.

Plympton followed him. "I'll see you again, Pat, when you come back."

"Right, sorr," said Pat, his voice already coming from a distance, for Pat thought he saw a spy, and was chasing him.

"Bi jabers, I must keep calm," he said; "it's a diplomat I am, not a warrior. Pat! On guard! Stand at ease. Steady!"

Thus bracing himself to the business of the night, Pat went on his way to Preedie's house, while Plympton, holding a lantern over the canine martyr, Sampson, stooped to pat the faithful beast, remarking: "And are we sure that Paradise is meant for man alone? I hope, if ever I get there, dear dead friend, it may be good enough for such a true and loving companion as thou! Good night, Sampson; lie there, old friend, where you fell at the post of duty. It will be a sight for some of the men of Heart's Delight to remember!"

## CHAPTER XI.

MUTINY.

Nicol and his red-bearded fellow-countryman disliked both the work in which they had been engaged and the authority which had been entrusted to Jim Smith, who besides being a much younger man than any of the men under his brief command, was unpopular in the ship, and by no means an efficient seaman. He could read and write and "sling accounts." That might have raised him in the estimation of the men who could not boast of these accomplishments if he had carried his knowledge with modesty; but he had a way of making his messmates feel their ignorance, and he was a sneak and a toady where thrift would follow fawning.

The command of the enterprise of Keith's arrest was only nominally given to Smith. It was his first bit of active promotion; but he was all the same under the official orders of Ruddock. His task was not an easy one. Hardly any other man in the ship would have taken it cheerfully; no other would have been proud of it; consequently when at startling Admiral Ruddock simply referred to Smith as the spokesman of the party, intimating that he would get his orders from Admiral Ruddock.

If on leaving the outraged home of the Keiths the men had obeyed the word of command with readiness, they did not disguise their ill-temper. Nicol and his red-bearded companion had openly murmured. Others of the men had responded to their observations in a manner that seemed to disparage the action of the spokesman. They conversed in low tones, but Smith heard them, and knowing that Ruddock and Bentz were ahead of them, felt safe in rebuking the men who had addressed words of sympathy to Mrs. Keith. It was enough that he had endeavored to finish the business without a fight. He knew that Ruddock would appreciate the diplomatic way in which he had saved him and his friend Bentz from that fire-eater, Pat Doolan. So he screwed up his courage and asserted his position. When they were well on their way to the boats he turned upon the company with the word "Halt!"

"Donald Nicol," said Smith, "I'll report you for insubordination!"

"And by the night of grand auld Scotland if you do, my canny man, I'll stick a knife between your ribs if I swing for it!" said Nicol, breaking ranks and confronting the spokesman.

"Right you are," said the red-bearded one, standing by his side.

"We shall see," said Smith. "Fall in!"

"Fall in be ——!" said Nicol. "What do you take us for—a troop of marines? Look here, mates, who's this whipper-snapper frae the sooth that's goin' to jaw an old sailor, and thirty year a fisherman, aboot insubordinashun and the like?"

"And for what?" asked his fellow-countryman. "For bein' civil to a puir devil's wife, who'd been gagged by——"

"Fall in, I say," was Smith's only reply.

"And I say Stand!" exclaimed Nicol. "By ——, we'll hae this thing out now. D'ye hear, Jim Smith?"

"It's mutiny," said Smith, in as defiant a tone as he could command.

"Oh, mutiny be blowed," said another of the crew, hailing from the east coast of England. "Take it back, Jim Smith, take it back; you've got your bit of promotion in a bad cause, and you'll take back the insult about reporting Donald Nicol. D'ye hear?"

"I have my duty to do," said Smith, quailing a little before the third speaker.

"Your duty!" exclaimed the east coaster. "What do you think you are? What do you think we are? We are not men-o'-warsmen, nor even privateers; we're just common sailors on board a fishin' ship, the master no better than any one of us, with a power that, by the Lord, is a disgrace to our country!"

"Aye, aye," shouted the entire company.

"Take back your insult or we'll make the Anne of Dartmouth too hot for you!"

"Gie us your hand," said Nicol, grasping the Eastern man's big fist.

"Oh, my heavens, mates," exclaimed Smith, all his assumption of authority gone, "don't talk like that. I take it back—all I have said. I don't want to be at enmity with Donald Nicol or any man on the ship. I've been promoted through interest, I know; I tried to do my duty——"

"But it's not your duty to sneer at a mate 'cause he cannot read his letters nor do a sum in figures," said a burly chap, who had often been Smith's butt in the fo'ksle.

"That's all right, mates," said another. "Jim Smith's got his lesson; and we've got it writ down in our minds. That lasts longer nor books."

"You tek it a' back?" said Nicol. "That's understood?"

"Yes," said Smith; "and, more, I ask your pardons."

"That's a' reight," said Nicol; "ther's nae mair to be said, mates!"

"Yes, ther's just this," replied the east coastman. "We conclude to keep an eye on Jim Smith, and we'd have him know that."

"Aye, aye," said the rest.

"Very well, then, Mister Take-it-back, give us the word!" said the east coastman, falling in with the rest.

They found Ruddock and Bentz by the boats awaiting them.

"What have ye been argufying about?" asked Ruddock, standing by the first boat, and motioning a crew to step aboard.

"We were discussing the prospect of fishing beginning to-morrow," said Smith.

"Oh, that's all," Ruddock replied.

"Wind's changing to the right quarter, Donald Nicol says," continued Smith.

"Oh, it has, has it?" said Ruddock.

"Better be takin' cod than planters," said Nicol.

"What?" asked Ruddock, "what?"

"Donald says there's mair fun in fishin' for cod than traitors," said the red-bearded one.

"Oh," said Ruddock, "seems to me there's as many traitors most as cod on this coast."

"They'd mek short work o' the Anne o' Dartmouth and the Pioneer if there was," said Nicol, with a disputative swing of his right arm as he vaulted into the boat.

"Would they?" said Ruddock. "Donald Nicol, ye are too free with your tongue."

"It's just a way we have in Scotland," said Nicol.

"It's a way I don't allow on the Pioneer," said Ruddock.

"Very weel, when I hae the honor to belong to the Pioneer I'll remember it," said Nicol, settling down to his oar.

"Now, lads, pull away," said the boatswain, and the splash of the oars put an end to further discussion.

As the men climbed once more upon deck they could see that Heart's Delight had been awakened from one end of the long street to the other. It was not yet midnight, at which time as a rule not a single lamp or candle would be burning in the village. Now, however, the place was illuminated as if in honor of some happy event.

Not only were there lights in the windows, but torches and lanterns were moving about along the sea front. The people were obeying the orders of the Father of the settlement, preparing for their exodus on the morrow, while Alan Keith lay bound and wounded in the hold of his enemy's ship.

*(To be Continued.)*

### The Train Did Not Wait.

When the Peoria and Eastern train pulled in last night at 7 o'clock a man, woman and child hurriedly alighted and ran along the platform.

"Has the train for Cincinnati on the C. H. & D. gone?" puffed the man.

"Yes. It left at 6.20," answered a depot official.

"What? Gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's strange."

"Not very. That's the time for it to depart."

"But I telegraphed to the conductor to hold the train for me."

"Oh, well; perhaps you forgot to sign your own name!"

The sarcasm was lost on the irate passenger as he went through the gates.—*Indianapolis News.*

The pessimist who thinks the whole world is going to pot, should reflect that fifty years hence these days that he despises will be called "the good old times."

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is her complexion. Why have Pimples Freckles spots or any blemish when Peach Bloom Skin Food will remove them all, and leave the Skin transparent, soft and beautiful?
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PEACH BLOOM is in demand ahead of all cheap preparations, because it has merit, and because it produces the result we claim for it.
Sold by all Druggists, price $1.00, or sent on receipt of price by addressing WESTON CHEMICAL CO. 186 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH
TEABERRY.

## His Name was Mud.

Fiddlers was excited.

Not that there was anything extraordinary in that, for the Flat was in a normal condition of excitement over one thing or another every hour in the day and vented it in much drinking, loud talking and fighting; but on this particular occasion the excitement was of a unique order that in its still intensity chilled and silenced the mob of men that crowded in and closed about the doors of the Mary's Eyes saloon and gambling house, the proprietor of which, Velvet Jack, was at that moment being tried for his life before that most terrible of earthly courts, Judge Lynch.

It was not the first killing at the Flat. This shooting scrape was only one of dozens of others during the five months of Fiddlers' existence, but the victim was a peculiarly inoffensive creature known as "Mud" to the camp.

He had no other name that they knew of, and had earned his sobriquet by his unfailing luck at the gaming tables, and his equally unfailing remark as he rose penniless from his boat with the tiger, "Wal, my name's mud again;" but on this particular occasion Mud's luck had run his way, and he had sat hour after hour at the little oblong faro table since the night before, and won with unfailing regularity through every deal.

Velvet himself had the shift at deal when Mud had won the last ounce in the "bank roll," and, as the lucky player rose from his seat opposite him, the gambler had without a word shot him through the heart.

The cold deadlinesss of the act was too much for the nerves of the Fiddlers, and the camp rose to a man and cried aloud for vengeance. They were waiting now for the sentence.

Long Smith was the judge. He occupied a chair placed on a faro table at one end of the long, low cabin, the identical chair that Velvet sat in when he shot Mud.

Velvet sat a little to his left, a guard at either side; on his right, the hastily chosen jury of twelve sat or stood, and beyond a rope stretched across the room, was the silent, expectant crowd.

The evidence was all in, and Long Smith was settling himself down into a comfortable position to listen to the counsel for defence, when Velvet suddenly rose to his feet and said:

"See here, boys, what's the use of going on with this monkey business any longer? I shot Mud, and you've determined that I must hang. Can't you drop this and take me out and hang me and be done with it, instead of torturing me with all this nonsense? You know you're only doing it to amuse yourselves."

The eyes of every man in the crowd were fixed on the prisoner during this speech, and then turned expectantly to the judge.

"Prisner et the bar, yer bein' tried fer murder by the only kin' o' ce'rt this yer country has. Ef there's enythin' ye hev ter say yer'll hev er chance to say it furder on."

There was a hum of approval from the audience, and the counsel for the defence went on with his argument, followed by the counsel for the prosecution. The court summed up and charged the jury, which, without a moment's hesitation, returned a verdict of guilty.

The judge arose from his chair and said: "Velvet, yer prisner in." There was no further assumption of judicial dignity; it dropped from him as one drops a cloak from his shoulders. "Ther boys hev giv' yer a squar deal, which's more'n ye giv Mud, 'n yer'll hev ter go under. What hev yer got ter say again it?"

Velvet smiled and shook his head.

"You've got the drop on me, I reckon," he said, "and I can't kick."

Just at this moment there was a struggle of someone trying to force an entrance through the crowd at the door, and the shrill tones of a woman's voice could be heard demanding access to the court that was trying the man that had killed hers.

"I'm Mud's wife," she insisted, in a shrill, shaky voice.

"Oh, I know what yer nicknamed him. His n my name's Dobbs, 'n he were er good nuff man most ways 'n I want ter see the man what killed him 'n lef' me er lone widder right in the prime er life."

The relict of the late Mud was at the bar of the court by this time. She was a tall, angular woman of forty or so, dressed in rusty black, with an immense calico sunbonnet that projected over her face like a section of stovepipe and effectually concealed her features.

The court ordered a chair for her inside the bar, and when she had seated herself remarked to her:

"We never knowed ef Mud were a mar'd man, marm; ef we had, we'd shorly hev waited this trial for ye."

"D'yer mean to say yer've gora 'n tried this yer man for killin' mine, 'n me not here ter see? Yer a nice kin 'o er judge, I mus' say. Wal, yer kin jest go ter tryin' 'm rite over again, now I am yere," and the widow settled comfortably back in her chair and took a dip of snuff.

The court, counsel, jury and spectators were melted in a moment. They were Missourians, almost to a man, and the "one touch of nature" that snuff dip awoke in them made them the widow's slaves for the moment.

The court, counsel and jury consulted for a few moments, and the judge intimated to the widow that they had concluded that her request was a very natural, and, under the circumstances, a very proper one, and that with the prisoner's consent they would comply with it, but as he had already been tried and found guilty once they thought it hardly fair to him to try him again without his consent.

Velvet arose, the eyes of the throng upon him. He was a tall, slight, graceful fellow, with a swagger about him that insensibly attracted men and women alike, and with a smile that showed his white teeth under the black mustache, remarked that he was always delighted to please a lady, but that under the circumstances he could not see anything to be gained by it.

He had, in fact, pleaded guilty in the first place, and all that remained for the judge was to pass sentence, but as they had insisted upon trying him once to please themselves, they might as well try him again to please the lady.

There was a murmur of approval at this sentiment from the audience, which was sternly checked by the court. The widow had been dipping snuff and eyeing Velvet during his and the court's remarks, and seemed to have made up her mind to something she had been considering, for she suddenly closed her snuff box with a click, rose from her chair, and turning to the court said:

"Judge, I'm the person what's bin most hurt in this yer scrap. I'm lef' a lone woman with nary a man ter provide for me, and I've been er thinkin' ther best way out o' this yer bizniss is fer this man what kilt my man ter git me er new one."

She stopped amid a death-like silence. Velvet was the only man that preserved his customary unruffled composure. Every other face wore an expression of horrified astonishment for a moment and then a yell of delight went up from the crowd.

The cool effrontery of the woman had caught their sense of the fitness of things. Here in a country where a woman most needed a man's protection her man had been taken from her. What more just than that the man who had caused his taking off should replace him! The racket subsiding, the court gravely arose and said:

"Prisner at the bar, yer hev bin tried 'n foun' guilty of murder. Hev yer anythin' ter say why ther sentence in thish yer co'te should not be past 'pon yer?"

Velvet shook his head smilingly and the court continued:

"Ther sentence in ther co'te is, that yer shall marry this yer woman 'n the co'te, ex a justice, will tie yer up right now."

At this there was a yell that fairly shook the roof, and the audience rushed inside the bar to shake hands with the prospective bride and groom, and offer congratulations; but the bride had something else to say first.

"Judge," she shrilled, "I've bin tell'd thet Mud win'd a consid'ble et gamblin' last night 'n I want ther money."

The coin and dust had been impounded by the court, and he reluctantly turned it over to the widow.

After looking it over she stowed it away in a voluminous pocket and announced her readiness for the ceremony. The counsel for the prosecution and defence acted as groomsman and the foreman of the jury gave away the bride.

Surely such another wedding was never seen. The festivities lasted until Fiddlers was completely exhausted; and when a couple of days later the Flat recovered from its carouse, Velvet and his wife had disappeared.

* * * * * *

A few days later a tall, swaggering, black-mustached man, accompanied by a woman dressed in rusty black, with an immense sunbonnet covering her head and face, stood on the deck of a Panama steamer making its way down San Francisco Bay towards the gate.

They were at the rail, gazing at the fast-receding city. Suddenly the man snatched the sunbonnet from the woman's head and whirled it overboard, and as it floated astern, said:

"Good-bye to the Widow Mud, and now, old girl, we can be comfortable again. The old bonnet served its turn, and it served it well, but I can't look down two miles of stovepipe every time I want to see your pretty face."—*California Magazine.*

### The Cowcatcher Principle.

Wheeler—Little idea of my own. No more running over dogs and breaking one's neck, see?

(He saw.)

### Dean Hole and Thackeray.

Dean Hole knew Thackeray well, and has kept a letter he received from the great novelist. It was in reply to a request made on behalf of a friend for his autograph, and in acknowledgment, also, of some game.

Jan. 26, 36 Onslow square.

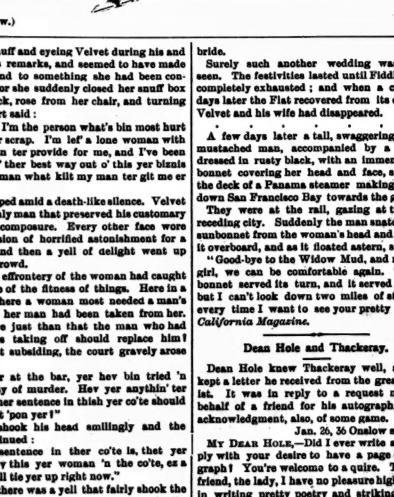
My Dear Hole,—Did I ever write and comply with your desire to have a page of autograph? You're welcome to a quire. Tell your friend, the lady, I have no pleasure higher than in writing pretty poetry and striking of the lyre, in compliment to a gentleman whom benevolence did inspire, to send me pheasants and partridges killed with shot or wire (but whatever the way of killing them, I equally admire), and who of such kind practices, I trust, will never tire. May you bring your birds down every time you fire, this my noble sportsman, is the fond desire of W. M. Thackeray, Editor and Esquire.

### Our Judges.

"Greene Bayes has failed abominably in the law. Wonder what he'll do now!"

"Oh, he's all right! He has influence enough to get on the bench."

### Bunco Again.




Station Master—What are you sitting here for? You've been around the station for three days.

Uncle Silas—I loaned a man four dollars in here las' Tuesday an' he tol' me to sit here until he brought it back.—*Judge.*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### Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

Bellevue F. A.—You are candid, independent and fond of praise, without a bit of humbug in you; strong affections, love of comfort, hope and strength of will, practical and persevering disposition, sympathy, love of beauty and fun, rather indiscreet speech and some caprice are shown.

Norna.—You are energetic and impulsive, rather warm in affection, impatient, lacking self-control, slightly open to influence, thoughtful and decidedly clever; very determined and constant in effort, but somewhat hasty in method. Slow up a little, Norma, and concentrate yourself. You are a bit flyaway.

Jenna.—You are cautious, constant, fond of beauty, rather apt to make the best of things, hopeful and cheerful, but not buoyant, somewhat plain when here working and very pleasant and practical, of good judgment and sympathetic nature. Your temper can be warm, but is not unamiable, and you dearly love a bit of fun.

One of Two.—Culture, good sense, constant and determined effort, adaptability, energy, some vanity, but rather a self-contained nature, excellent judgment and a warm heart are shown. Writer is clear and decided in opinions, orderly, slightly imaginative, discreet, rather practical and lacking in the lighter and more buoyant traits. A very earnest and beautiful study.

E. E. M., Guelph.—You are idealistic, impulsive, warm-hearted and a little self-willed; some will, some ambition, a little impatience, a healthy self-assertion, rather unreliable and fickle in your likes and by no means dangerous in your dislikes. A healthy, honest disposition, which should command respect and affection. A little more self-control and system would make a great improvement.

Scarlet Runner.—This is rather an ordinary study which is very much marred by being badly blotted. The writer is of independent mind, not very open to influence, a strong, practical, sensible person, candid and truthful; a lack of originality, buoyancy and humor is shown; but the study is anything but insignificant, some facility, love of beauty, amiability and tact are shown, and a large and liberal judgment.

Wyo.—1. I hope the climate has done you good. You might let me hear again from two thousand feet above the sea! 2. You are confiding, warm-hearted, impulsive, and a little self-willed, good-tempered, awkward and plain in speech; careless of appearances, but conscientious in work, fond of pranks, and very impatient of delay. 3. Yes, I have ridiculed quite sympathetic with you in the pleasure. Hope you will write again.

Ir Doubt.—This is a most characteristic study, and I cannot help wishing the writer had not expressed in the matter so plainly the significance of the manner. You are imaginative, nervous and peculiar, prone to cling closely to opinions and ideas, very bright and vivacious, with abundant energy. You lack self-control, being apt to expend strength where it's not absolutely necessary. I am afraid you are a little self-satisfied and fond of number one. Your nature is not sympathetic; you are original and in your way, strong, and if you would unconvince some of your peculiarities you would gain thereby.

T. Ruth.—You are excessively sympathetic, fond of beauty, and of more than ordinary talent, what for, I cannot say, but you are no dunce. You like to pose for effect, have some harmless vanity, much humor, some love of social intercourse, rather well controlled affections, great imagination, and some ideality, are rather hopeful and very easy and pleasant in manner. Your method is rather studied, but very satisfactory in results and your faults are those to be knocked out of you by this rough rude world. You are a pretty nice fellow of refined and likable disposition, and no doubt have many friends.

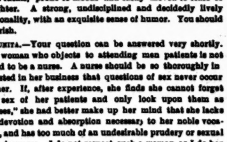
Whistler.—This study has so many queer and comical lines that I forgive its great lack of decision and self-control. The writer is very self-absorbed, very prone to consider circumstances as an excuse for anything, easily led and of poor judgment. Undoubted talent and originality are rather marred by the aforesaid defects; good-temper, discretion, hope and candor are shown. As to the questions asked, I really could not assure the writer that she would "love earnestly." If she discovers a weaker person than herself she may lead them, but as a leader she won't be a success. As to her chances of leading a happy life, I sincerely hope she may, but I cannot say more than that it depends on circumstances.

Mrs. B. A. C.—What a pity your letter has only just been opened. 1. I don't think I should enclose cards by mail to Government House. If you are not able to be present on one particular day there are public receptions every Wednesday, and you can take the opportunity of calling any week. 2. I really don't know, but the first question settles this one. I am afraid the enclosure to the lady of the house would be considered rather out of form, and she is the only one to whom you could enclose them. Why not get a friend to leave them with her own and without any remark? 3 Don't bow to the gentleman; there would be no harm in doing so, but it would cheapen you. Wait until chance sends the necessary introduction. I am most pleased to answer any questions and am very sorry you had to wish so long.

B. E. A.—Fire him, my dear! Perhaps you are extravagant, and anyway, don't marry a man and his mother. It would be a grave mistake. If I were you, all my blood would be up against the man who said he wanted to marry me and didn't, for fear his mother wouldn't like it. He isn't worth worrying over, and you will probably live to find it out. The right kind of man doesn't wait for his mother's consent when he chooses a wife, and the right kind of woman wouldn't want him. You have lots of time before you; don't sacrifice your young days to worry. 2. Your writing is marred by weakness and indecision, otherwise it is a fair study. You are deliberate, practical, rather easy-going and devoid of tact, somewhat oblivious of proportion and slightly careless of details. You want heading up and disciplining, my girl, but there is good material in you. Pull in your loose ribbon, take pains with yourself, and who knows?—mother may change her opinion of you!

Mrs. Bowser.—When a woman is tied for life to a man who possesses the quality of excessive interest in affairs which don't concern him actually, the only thing she can do is to cultivate a divine patience and answer all his questions as a sort of disciplinary exercise. I think Mr. Bowser must be lovely to have his mind so taken up with you and the children. Just think how some wives would appreciate that interest which so annoys you! At the same time, dear Mrs. Bowser, I deeply sympathize for both in having him forever in your pocket. But I would let him be happy in his home, if I were you, and get some comfort out of the thought that your experience is anything but ordinary. 2. Your writing shows a nature full of sensitive and nervous energy, rather quick-tempered, decidedly clever, vivacious and tenacious, outspoken to excess, imaginative and with high ideals, prone to moods and easily moved to tears or laughter. A strong, undisciplined and decidedly lively personality, with an exquisite sense of humor. You should be Irish.

Oshita.—Your question can be answered very shortly. The woman who objects to attending men patients is not fitted to be a nurse. A nurse should be so thoroughly interested in her business that questions of sex never occur to her. If, after experience, she finds she cannot forget the sex of her patients and only look upon them as "cases," she had better make up her mind that she lacks the devotion and absorption necessary to her noble vocation, and has too much of an undesirable prudery or sexual consciousness. I do not respect such a woman as I do her who takes any case with equal *sang froid* and forgets everything but her work. And how dare you say that such a female is utterly devoid of modesty? She, in her pure and devoted care, is far more modest than anyone who offers the suggestive remarks which conclude your letter. As you say that only for your modesty you would like to be a nurse, I hope you will look into the matter and discern that true modesty will not stand in your way. What you feel as a beginner is not strange; if it does not wear off quickly with experience you are not fitted for a nurse. 3. Your writing shows excellent traits: tact, patience, hope, some imagination, caution, and rather a love of life's good things; temper is amiable and sympathetic feeling is shown. The fault is a lack of decision and method and a decided liking for change.

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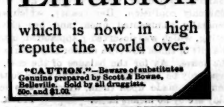


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## The Drama.

ROBERT Mantell never staged a piece better suited to his talents than The Face in the Moonlight. There are those who intensely admire his Othello, while others accuse him of over staginess in his delineation of Shakespearean characters. The Corsican Brothers afforded him a chance to come on in a dual *role*, but the brothers were as much alike in character and garb as they were in face. In his new play he presents two parts as unlike as two parts could well be. At one moment he is the low, swaggering, vagabond and cut-throat; at the next he is the chivalrous Capt. Ambrose, unswerving in his loyalty to King Louis through all the successes of Bonaparte. The speed with which he makes his change of costume is astonishing—Ambrose no sooner strides out at the left wing than Rabat slouches in at the right. The incredible speed of the transformation confounds spectators, and a sensation is caused when in the last act the dead body of Rabat is laid on a bench against the wall and a moment after Ambrose steps out from his cell and looks with pity on the remains of his rascally half-brother. Of course, when the guards crowd around and lay the body on the bench, Mantell slips through a slide in the wall and a substitute takes his place. The effect is certainly thrilling.

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As Rabat, the escaped felon, Mantell is at his best and his best is not easily beaten. It is well known that in Paris the odor of the blood so freely spilt in the revolution did not cease to infect the air for fifty years thereafter. Life was held cheap, and a remarkable flippancy characterized what should have been the most solemn scenes. Whenever the guillotine had a morning appointment with a felon, great crowds gathered in high glee to see it through, and the convict would die with a half-spoken joke on his mocking lips. Executions were like new comedies with local hits sparkling through them. The bravado of the condemned ruffians of Paris at that period was never equaled in the history of European peoples. They neither valued life, feared death nor believed in eternity. They would inflict death without compunction and suffer death laughingly. It was the fashion of the day for criminals to amuse the dirty beggars who followed the death carts and witnessed the executions, and to this end they sang ribald songs, danced and made execrable jokes on the police, the guillotine and the public executioner. Whatever of fear or excitement these doomed men felt, they allowed it to escape in the most extravagant antics. Noisy buffoonery is easier in such a case than silent firmness. This is wherein Mantell's Rabat strikes me as being particularly true. The levity and flippancy of his actions and conversation in the condemned cell are faultless—for the place was Paris and the time 1815.

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Charlotte Behrens is of course leading lady and took the chief part. She secured a personal recall each evening as well as several joint recalls with Mantell. At the same time—for we all have preferences—I do not fancy her work in this new piece nor, in fact, in any piece. That rising inflection in the last syllable of almost every word she speaks strikes me as a cultivated mannerism and produces such an uncomfortable feeling at the base of my neck that I have to drop my eyes to the programme and keep them there until she has recited her lines. This feeling may not be felt by everyone—indeed, it would be strange if it were. One thing can be said of her even by a "disliker," and that is, that her stage movements are graceful and spirited. Miss Caroline Miskell, who played Marguerite, is a Toronto girl, although this fact is not generally understood. On Tuesday evening admiring friends presented her with a gorgeous basket bouquet, the acceptance and acknowledgment of which covered her with maidenly confusion. Her beauty, which was generally commented upon, and her clever acting, which was deservedly applauded, made the gift of those flowers a matter of pleasure to the house. As for the balance of the cast, it need only be said that they were equal to the demands made upon them, which in this new play are by no means large. MACK.

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So little has been said by the dailies regarding the last play on Barrett's repertoire, that a criticism thereon will have at least the merit of exclusiveness. Put on by any other than a company of capable actors, The Silver King would be only an ordinary melodrama and might be relegated to the obscurity shared by a host of similar, though inferior, productions; but as presented by Mr. Barrett's company it is a picture full of life and containing true portrayals of characters which exist, and may be seen at any time in the great metropolis. Those who saw Wilson Barrett as Arni or Hamlet were somewhat disappointed by his impersonation of the character of Wilfred Denver. My own impression is that he has tired of a part which does not suit him as do the others mentioned. His Hamlet is second only to Irving's in my opinion, his creation of Arni fits him to perfection, but his genius has so little scope in the *role* of Denver that it was all but secondary to some of the minor characters. It is not my intention to include in this criticism either Pharaoh or Hamlet, but it might be said *en passant* that either was worth seeing a second time. The scenic accessories in the former were unlike Cleopatra properly subordinated to the action of the play. So much has been said of Arni and The Bat that further criticism thereon would be superfluous, but those who saw Mr. Franklyn McLeay in the latter *role* could never have recognized him without the assistance of the play-bill as the long-legged, grimly sarcastic crib-cracker, Cripps. His cockney dialect was not overdone as it is so often by American actors. Mr. Austin Melford, as Elish Coombe, had a magnificent make-up and lived the part. H. Cooper Cliffe as The Spider was a beau-ideal, genteel villain and except for a tendency to drag his feet, and in the last scene too much promptness in getting into the handcuffs, his performance was flawless. The Daniel Jalkes of Mr. Horace Hodge called up memories of Couldock's impersonations, his quiet pathos in the sentimental parts causing many eyelids to blink. The plot of The Silver King has been so extensively plagiarized that many of its best scenes have been seen here before in second-class imitations, and the most dramatic situations lose their charm on this account to the regular play-goer, who knows beforehand what will happen next. It tells the story of a good-hearted but dissipated young man married to a woman who loves him through good or ill repute. Geoffrey Ware, the rejected suitor of Denver's wife, by indirect means has done much to bring about his successful rival's downfall, and when, having attained his end, he decides his victim's wife upon her choice, Denver in a drunken fury draws a revolver and follows him to his house. The third scene is laid in Geoffrey Ware's apartments, which are being burglarized by the "Spider" and his associates. Denver's loud knocking at the door below threatens to disturb the neighborhood and prevent the accomplishments of their plans, so the door is opened and as Denver rushes into the room he is seized by Cripps and the "Spider," chloroformed, and laid senseless upon the floor, his pistol falling in the struggle. The unexpected return of Ware, his discovery of the burglars and loud cries for assistance bring about the tragedy. The "Spider" shoots him with Denver's weapon, and when Denver recovers from the effects of the drug he imagines that it is he who has committed the crime. The annihilation by fire of the train upon which he has fled, but from which he had jumped before the catastrophe, leaves him dead to the world, and he leaves for the West to begin life afresh. When, after many years, he returns from the silver mines a wealthy man, and disguised as Deaf Dicky, a harmless imbecile, gains entry to the conspirators' den and discovers that the "Spider" was Ware's assassin, he knows for the first time that he is an innocent man. There is, of course, the usual detective, who follows the villain round the stage like a well trained dog, penetrates the most skilful disguises at a glance, and turns up at the last moment armed with a pair of handcuffs, and backed by the full majesty of the law in the shape of an undersized super. The ladies in the company are not up to the same standard of excellence as the gentlemen. Miss Elmore was above the average of melodramatic heroines, but the best work was done by Miss Alice Belmore as Tabitha Darden, an ancient bucolic dame, who, with rural simplicity, proposes to marry the gray-haired Jalkes, and who, being scorned by that worthy, exclaims: "W'at, ye won't marry me then!" To which the unfeeling old man replies: "Marry yer! No, I wouldn't 'ave ye as a gift," and shoves her incontinently off the stage.

UNCLE ARTIE

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The combined recital to be given by Mr. Charles Roberts of New York and Miss Jessie Alexander on Monday evening next is looked

MR. CHARLES ROBERTS.

forward to with much interest. The comedietta A Happy Pair gives Miss Alexander an opportunity to display her especial talent for light comedy, in which critics have always ranked her as an actress rather than an elocutionist. The favorable impression created last season by these artists in their delightful combined entertainment will still be remembered by those who attended. The comment of one of our dailies upon that occasion is worth quoting: "The combined Roberts-Alexander recital was given in the Pavilion last evening, and long will those who were fortunate enough to gain an entrance remember the excellent treat. Miss Jessie Alexander has never shown to such advantage here, and reading under the severest test—beside Roberts, the master—she won a triumph. Mr. Charles Roberts visited Toronto first seven years ago, and made an impression. Two years ago he returned, and was most successful. Yesterday he came, was seen, and conquered probably the largest audience which ever greeted an artist in Toronto. The moment he stepped upon the stage the audience, which expected much, his name having traveled before him, seemed to concentrate its entire attention upon him, and when he began to plead his *amour* as the Count Sergius, all his wonderful qualities were called into play, and a Toronto audience witnessed as fine an exhibition of dramatic power as has been seen here for many a day."

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Dan McCarthy, who is playing The Rambler at Jacobs & Sparrow's for the second time this season, is drawing crowded houses every night. The company is a strong one, and, indeed, it has to be to render such a many-sided piece with any degree of success; tragedy, pathos, comedy, songs and dances follow each other in the most bewildering manner, and if, as it has been stated, the lives of men are to be measured by actions and not by years, and The Rambler from Clare be true to life, the people in that very lively country must "grow old very young," if I may be permitted the Hibernianism. The plot of the play is somewhat obscure and rather lacks progression; too much has to be explained by dialogue which the natural sequence of events should make clear, so that when, as in the Abbey scene, the actor's articulation was not very good, the audience are somewhat befogged; but there is no doubt about the enjoyment caused by the play. Charles Saunders and Lillie Burdell as Paddy McFadden and Nancy Green caused a good many sidesaches by their extremely funny acting, Paddy's dancing being of a nature not often witnessed, not even in County Clare. Dan McCarthy as Tony Sullivan, the hero of the piece, sustained his character well from beginning to end, but I do not like his unceasing movements when singing pathetic songs; they cannot be called gesticulations and they are not necessary to, or even in harmony with, the sentiment of the songs, and they certainly jar the onlooker. Kitty Coleman makes a good Rosie Dwyer, but the asides she gives utterance to during Tony's songs are sometimes rather unnatural. Nagle Barney played Christie Malone, and gave a good rendering of the part of that weak, unprincipled wretch, who is thoroughly under the finger and thumb of that hardened old villain, Squire Malone, his father, which character was well portrayed by James Flanigan. June Dallas and Cornelia Martin as Bessie Courtney and Maggie Malone had difficult *roles* and sustained the pathos and tragedy of their parts, they being in such marked contrast to the comedy of the other character that they acquired additional prominence and everything they said and did was so much more noticeable. Both acquitted themselves well.

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The Private Secretary, the most amusing home-spun comedy, will be given at the Academy of Music next week. There will be given matinees on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. Since its last presentation here, Mr. Gillette has made several important changes in the play, which are chronicled as most emphatic improvements. He condensed the original third act into the second act, wrote an entirely new third act, giving an entirely different coloring to the finale of his humorous story. The company comprises many well known comedians, and was especially selected for the present tour by Mr. Edwin Travers to present the play in excellence, exceeding all past efforts. To this end he certainly has succeeded in receiving the encomiums of the press where the company have appeared. The old Secretary is said to have renewed his youthful vigor of former days and seems to be in a much healthier condition than ever. Unquestionably, he may be well christened the prince of consistent humor. His droll happenings, his numerous errors, interrupted with quaint sayings and ridiculous funny postings spun in a most artful manner by the clever author, keep an audience in a continued strain of rich laughter, and those who have enjoyed it seem to relish it as eagerly each season as at its initial introduction. Secure your seats at the box office, Academy of Music.

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The original Two Old Cronies, as illustrated by the well known Anderson comedians, comes to Toronto for the first time next week. Manager Jacobs has secured them as his New Year's attraction, and they will, so to speak, open the ball of the New Year at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House at the matinee on Monday, January 2. The company is composed of very clever people. Scotch Lassie Jessie Villars, with her Psyche knot, her nerves and her comedy, is a radiant comet that streaks across the stage from curtain rise to tag. She does nothing, says a contemporary, that she has not been doing since she brightened the stage old maid into a roaring most welcome impossibility. Harry A. Emerson, who has much of the fat of the skit, is endowed with an unswerving persistency that always succeeds in padding the part he plays. Nevertheless, Harry comes with a reputation established as a fine German dialect comedian, and is the possessor of a voice, it is said, far above the average. John W. Burton is a comedian of the Irish persuasion, rich and meritorious in brogue, and consequently must be an admirable foil to his Teutonic companion. Judging from the demand for seats, which began last Monday, the engagement will be a big one.

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Mavourneen, Scanlan's great comedy, will be on at the Grand next week.

## The Bogey Man.

Mary, swelling with importance, stood beside a letter-box with a newspaper in her chubby hand. She was a plump little maiden, inclined to be satisfied with the world. Carefully adjusting her center of gravity she endeavored to post the paper, but it was chubby like herself and refused to go in. At this critical moment an old gentleman with a gold-headed cane came along the street. He had a keen eye for mischievousness. Here was a female child, old enough to be out alone, actually posting a newspaper in a letter-box. He approached and commanded her attention by rapping on the sidewalk with his cane.

"Can you read?"

Now Mary was tall for her age and had been deprived by anxious parents of early literary advantages. She did not for a moment question the right of a grown person to ask her any question he chose, so blushing all over her round little face she replied with the alacrity and painful truthfulness of a well-brought-up child, "Not very well, sir."

He tapped the red letter box with his cane and enquired severely, "Can you read that?"

Mary turned her eyes anxiously on the fat, red letter. She realized keenly what shame would be hers if she could not read them. "L-e-t-t-e-r-s, letters," she murmured with a gasp of relief, but still painfully overshamed by the next word. "O-n-l-y, only," "It says letters only, sir;" she couldn't help feeling gratified at her success, although she was quaking with terror.

"Yes, letters only, and you are putting in a newspaper."

Mary's knees smote together and she longed to be near her mother. She held the newspaper tightly in her trembling hands. It had been given to her to post; something must be done.

"Shall I take it to the post office, sir!" The post office was very far off, but, please Providence, Mary would get there.

"No," thundered the old gentleman, "I'll put it in the box for you this time, but never do it again."

Do you think Mary stayed to see that paper posted? No, she ran home as fast as her limited facilities would allow, to dream of the bogey man for nights afterwards. The old gentleman thought she wasn't polite, but if he had been as scared as she, he would have run away at the beginning. PENNY.

## Just a Few Words For Mother.

Uttering a faint cry he fell forward, and as I rushed to the invalid's assistance I realized that something terrible was about to happen. To take his frail, wasted form in my arms and carry him down to his state-room was a small task. As I laid him on the berth the doctor appeared at the door.

"My poor friend, be brave!" he said gently, after looking for a moment at the sufferer. "Is there any message or anything I can do for you in England?"

For answer he shook his head sadly and beckoned to me to draw near.

"Ask him—how long?" he whispered.

I turned to the doctor and as we stepped outside the door I asked the question, "How long?" but felt a sickening fear of the answer.

"Poor lad, galloping consumption—perhaps a day—possibly only an hour!" answered the doctor, in broken sentences; it was hard for him to speak.

I composed my face and reverently knelt at the side of the dying boy. He searched my face for the sad truth.

"How long?" he gasped.

I strove to answer but my tongue for some moments refused to speak. "Perhaps very soon," was all I could say, the words choked me.

He was braver than I, and rallied his strength as he said:

"Please write a letter for me, will you?"

I hastened to procure pen, ink and paper and waited.

"I should like to receive the sacrament," he said, instead of dictating.

The chaplain was only waiting for a call. We knelt down to the cabin. I placed my arm around the dying boy, and together we listened to the service, and received the holy communion.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, be with you always. Amen!"

There was deep silence for a moment, then the poor lad pointed to his dressing-case. I opened it and held it for him. He took from it an envelope and a small package, both ready addressed.

"Will you do one last kindness for me?" he asked.

I bowed my head for answer.

"Thank you. Please cut a lock of my hair, put it into this envelope and deliver it with your own hands. And now write just a few words for mother."

But the letter was never dictated—he died without speaking again, and with a sad, aching heart I clipped from the pale temple a lock of hair, fastened it on to the sheet of writing paper, and wrote below it,

August 12, seven p.m., Mid Ocean.
ERNEST ASKEW
aged 19

Fell asleep, peacefully, while trying to say "Just a few words for Mother!"

Geneva, Illinois. CAPEL ROWLEY.

## Forgot Something.

He came down to the Union Station with her on Saturday morning, secured her a seat on the north bound train and muttered something that sounded like "good-bye." He turned to go, when she called out:

"William! William! you forgot something!"

He came back wearing a wondering expression and asked:

"What was it?"

"You forgot to kiss me."

"The —— I did! Why, I thought I might have dropped a ten dollar note." CLAWED.

## A Quiet Man.

Bill Sills, who was a very bad man, went West, and no one heard anything from him for a dozen years or more, when one of his Eastern acquaintances happened to be in the Iowa Williams had selected for his residence. During a conversation with the hotel-keeper, he asked if a man named Sills came to that place some years ago.

"Which," replied the landlord. "Bill Sills?"

"That's the name."

"Yes, William came to our town about a dozen years ago."

"What kind of a citizen was he?"

"Well, we never knowed what his home folks thought of him, but we always considered him h——l on wheels; and a sulphur pot hung on the singletree."

"That's about how he stood at home! How did he get along out here?"

"Oh, he was just splittin' the town wide open for the last ten years, but for the last two years he has changed so you wouldn't know him, and there ain't a quieter man in the whole country than Bill Sills."

"No! You don't say!"

"Yes, I do say, for I know."

"I'm mighty glad to hear he has changed. I always said Bill would be a quiet citizen if he only had a chance. But what the mischief happened to him to cause such a good result?"

"It was the simplest thing in the world. You see Bill kept going from bad to worse until he struck the limit, and we just turned out one night and hung him, and Bill has not troubled us since. Quiet? Well, I should drink if you'd ask me."—*Texas Siftings.*

## Her Mistletoe.

*For Saturday Night.*

She asked him to her New Year's ball,
To see the Old Year out,
Of her admirers he was one,
But—he was short and stout.

Among her many lovers, he
To his fair queen paid court,
They all were tall and slim, but he
Alas, was stout and short.

Sh- showered her favors right and left,
To one and all the same,
But no one had the courage to
Ask her to change her name.

So on this most auspicious night,
She said, with smiles most kind:
"He who would win me for his bride,
The mistletoe must find."

He hunted hard with all the rest,
It was not in the hall,
It was n in the drawing-room,
Hung on the tinted wall.

He met his idol on the stairs,
With look of grief and woe,
"Oh, won't you tell me, dearest m aid,
Where is the mistletoe?"

She put her little hand in his,
While standing on the stair,
She bent her golden head and cried:
"You goose! It's in my hair!"

L C C.

## The Good Old Year is Dying, Love.

*For Saturday Night.*

The good old year is dying, love,
The end is drawing nigh,
We'll never greet again, love,
The happy days gone by.

The robin's voice is mute, love,
The bob-o-link is fled,
And underneath the snow, love,
The daisies all lie dead.

The sky which shone so bright, love,
Is darkened now and drear,
And the moaning winds are sobbing, love,
A requiem for the year.

Our summer days are fled, love,
Our hearts are cold and drear,
For the hopes which shone so bright, love,
Are dying with the year.

Let others hail the New Year, love,
We'll linger with the old,
And its memory still will cheer us, love,
When the days grow dark and cold.

And o'er life's shadowy course, love,
Its rays will fondly shine,
Lighting our darkest moments, love,
With a radiant joy divine.

JAS. DELANEY.

## Know all (women) by These Presents.

*For Saturday Night.*

A storm of paste-board boxes
Drifts into his bachelor hall,
And in half of them rests that pest of pests—
The lunatic having ball!

In another, a pair of slippers,
Which some more lead his feet astray,
Well had Solomon sworn had he jammed his corn,
Into such foot-trap array.

And there are cigars (?) in fifties,
Intended his nerves to calm,
They are barely mild, are he heaves them swift,
And directs their course with a "damn."

Not one trifle of use or beauty,
Not one charm for eye nor limb—
Yet the carrier pigeon must have—25c.
For bearing this truck to him.

And the bachelor scans the outfit,
And his talk had best not be penned,
And he patches a swear with the earnest prayer—
"God save me from every friend!"

The gifts that he gave were costly,
And now he can well believe,
That lots of gold is the verse of old—
"M re blessed to give than receive."

ED. W. SANDYS.

## Thou Art So Near and Yet So Far.

*For Saturday Night.*

Thou art so near though yet so far, Jamie;
Sae far frae the sight o' mine een;
Yet nearer to me in my thoght, Jamie,
Than ever in the past thou hast been.

Yet thou wertna sae kind to me, Jamie,
Lest time that mine een met thine;
To name wert thou could se to me, Jamie;
O' a' thun hadst kenned langsyne.

And I've tried to forget thee o'en, Jamie,
And the wilderness it brooht lea me;
But there's something deep in my heart, Jamie,
That is pleading still for thee.

Short time didst thou tarry wi' me, Jamie,
And my heart at the thoght is sair;
Yet 'twould heal a' the wounds o' the past, Jamie,
Were my hand clasped in thine once mair.

O hand, in which mine has lain, Jamie,
When joy reigned where now lurketh pain;
In the lang, lang years to come, Jamie,
Shall I never feel its clasp again?

The mystery of the past, Jamie—
Can its mists ne'er be cleared away?
"The horns of the moon" are turned, Jamie,
For a brighter and a happier day.

CLARA H. MONTCASTLE (CARIS RIRA).

## A Ballad of Wooing.

When pleasure's paths no more allure,
And ventures cease to fascinate,
In short—I've met another fate;
But long I do not hesitate,
I furbish up my lover's art
And on this question ruminate—
How shall I win the maiden's heart?

I know love's path is insecure,
And nought its rigors can abate,
But I, in sooth, could ne'er endure
To travel at an ambling gait;
I do my utmost, early, late,
To make her fancy take my part,
And on this question meditate—
How shall I win the maiden's heart?

I send her roses fragrant, pure,
And loving songs I perpetrate;
I sit upon her furniture
And tell her of my woeful state,
In hope that sighs may indicate
That in her breast a shaft doth smart,
And give me cause to jubilate—
How shall I win the maiden's heart?

L'ENVOI.

Prince, thou art rich, pay liquidate
The bills I owe in every mart
For flowers and sweets, gems small and great,
With them I won the maiden's heart.

P. MCARTHUR (*in New York Sun.*)

## Between You and Me.

"WHAT are you taking?" said a fat man to his dyspeptic friend the other day. The invalid turned round with a face of disgustful misery and snapped, "My bitters." Bitters come into every bill of fare, though perhaps holiday time isn't just the season to think of them. We all take them, will-be-nil-be, and probably they do us good, but ugh! they are hard to swallow. Now that one can take a sugar plum in cold water and call it medicine, (Heaven bless homœopathy!) it seems as if the bitters should be modified of their bitterness, but they aren't. Disappointment and disillusion are just as acid, tears are just as salt, death is just as pitiless, the old-fashioned pills and stack draughts of the heart's medicine chest are just as strong as of yore; but we who swled and fought against them as impositions and cruelties long ago, should be able to swallow them more meekly as we grow wise and old and patient. Make faces, dear people, but take your bitters; they tone you up and clear your vision, and in due time strengthen and purify your soul! Talking of bitters recalls the hasty words of a bright little woman the other morning as she thought over some careless strictures on herself which she had received from that accursed middleman, the tale bearer, who thinks one ought to be told what people say about one, good or ill, but more especially ill. "I hate every woman, all women," she cried passionately, and it made me sad to see her take her bitters like that! Whatever particular disorder of heart or mind she may have had, those bitters only aggravated it, and she kept on sipping and sipping and suffering in an angry impatient way, God bless her! when she should have chucked the whole dose out o' window. It's a bad plan to pay too much attention to what people say. Just think of how little they know of your aims and trials and strivings, and feel sorry for their ignorance, condone their mistakes faultfinding, work yourself into a large-hearted pity for their obtuseness, forgive them, love them; bless you! it's as easy as can be if you only practice it! It's hard to hate! You know what the wise man says,

"For to be wrath with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

And to be angry with anyone takes more trouble than it is worth!

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I do love the cry that is echoing from so many voices to-day, "A Happy New Year!" It is much more possible, more general, more satisfactory than "Merry Christmas." There is a whole year against one short day, one of the shortest of the penurious writer days, too! So many things choked off the Merry Christmas this year, so many do every year. You can't very well cry "Merry Christmas" to the young widow, whose heart is aching with unsatisfied love; nor to the tear-wet, pale-faced father and mother, who turn up the road to the cemetery, where a little tiny hillock lies fresh-turned among the snowy mounds; nor to the old people who bide alone in the wide-roomed home, where many pattering feet have passed firmly out into the far world and stayed away there: nor to the poverty-stricken, nor the estranged, nor the ill-used. Dear me! you can barely say it to five out of ten of the folks you meet. They are not merry, and it's no use mentioning the word. But the great New Year stretches into future possibilities of love and cheer and comfort. It is twelve months long! So many things will change, that one takes heart, even before the worst trouble, and rings out the blessed, hopeful wish for "a Happy New Year."

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Among the fakes and frauds which flourish across the herring pond is a very simple and guileless one, which earns much filthy lucre by the wholesale manufacture of autographs. The autograph fiend, who cannot torment the dead, gets a small portion of retribution by being severely taxed for rare autographs, supposed to be the signatures of long defunct celebrities, but in reality gotten up wholesale by the enterprising fakirs aforesaid. When I read their *expose*, it reminded me of a most unique and valuable collection of autographs which I came across last summer in Ireland. There were hundreds of "franks," the signatures of peers, bishops, members of parliament, all those men of wealth and standing, who were empowered to send mail matter free in the olden times. The Irish gentleman who had collected this fine and interesting assemblage of signatures was anxious to dispose of them, for times had changed for him, and money was, as money is nearly all over the Green Isle, hard to get and harder to keep. The franks are beautifully arranged in a number of handsome books, bound in leather, and are of great value to autograph connoisseurs. I believe there are thousands of rare autographs among them, such as Nelson's, Wellington's, and lots of peers, archbishops, cardinals, and nobles of various degrees, and some execrable penmanship. I remember the owner asked me to mention his collection to anyone interested in museums, and I was assured that it was more complete and better catalogued than the one in the British Museum.

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"What an ugly necktie you are wearing," remarked a female relative to a friend of mine one day lately. "I always do about Christmas time," he answered. And in great glee he confided to me this evening that his little scheme had worked, eight fine neckties being among his Christmas presents.

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Truly, the fashion of this world passeth away! I am thinking of the late lamented Christmas card. We can all remember when our letter boxes were choked with enormous envelopes, when every possible device in plush and satin and lace, painted, frosted, twisted and tied banjos, hearts, plaques were showered on popular people at Christmas and New Year. I have often whispered a mild little swear to myself when I mentally added up the odd quarters my Christmas cards represented, and thought what gloves and bonquets and car fare and candy they might have been. Well, for this *fin de siecle* they are gone anyway. Booklets, dainty flowers, baskets of violets, boxes of choice sweets have charmingly ousted them. Only in Japan and some other out-of-the way places is the Christmas card welcomed. I was moved to smiles by the account of the pleasure the Japanese mission children took out of their second-hand Christmas cards. They even wrote a letter seventy two feet long in return for them. That isn't considered a very lengthy epistle in Japan, however.

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One hears of queer schemes for making money, but seldom of new schemes for saving it when it is made. I was amused the other day to hear of a plan entered into by some men about town to save money for a trip to Chicago next summer. They have a treasurer, and every week each man puts in the sum agreed upon, and the treasurer credits him, and banks the whole amount. "We don't miss it, and we've got quite a pile," said one member happily, and it seems to be a grand idea. But saving is a grand idea. It draws in the loose ends of self-indulgence and gives one a secure and responsible feeling—and how the pile grows, once it is started. I remember, long ago, putting a stray five dollar bill into a savings bank. It lay there, and in some mysterious manner it conjured all my spare quarters in with it. It grew and grew, until, from little to mickle, it grew into a trip to England! When the day came to draw out a cool hundred for my ocean ticket, I declare I hated to do it! And when once it was all drawn out how quickly it melted away. Talking of saving and spending reminds me of the remark of a good-natured husband to his open-handed wife. "You've got a champagne spending capacity and a lager beer income." "Well," she retorted quickly, "I'd rather that than have a champagne income and a lager beer spending capacity, like some people." And, between you and me, I rather agree with her.

LADY GAY.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

## A Cibola Incident.

ON a summer afternoon when one of August's scorching suns almost parboiled, among others, that portion of our citizens who, during the hours of ten to three, smile pleasantly on those of the fair sex whom fortune has favored with a bank account, two young men bethought themselves that the Cibola would save them from an August Turkish bath, and by means that were adroit they eluded the vigilant eyes of their superior officers, made a hasty escape, partook of a frugal lunch, meandered through shady alleys and found themselves safely stowed away in the Cibola cabin at 2 p.m.

One of the miscreants kept a sharp lookout to see that no one immediately connected with the abandoned financial institution had appropriated to himself a holiday to allow the cool breezes of Ontario's fresh waters to find their way through his much-prided and silky whiskers.

The afternoon was decidedly sultry, and many of their *confreres* were, to say the least, very thinly clad as they continued to gaze through dewy brows and eyelids over ledgers, cash books, and money boxes without the interference of our worthy inspector in the palace on Court street—if his attention was called to the general *dishabille*—while our two brave ones were enjoying what proved to be an eventful afternoon.

Having spent a quiet journey across the lake the demon hunger seized them, and at 6 p.m. we find them finishing a plain but much enjoyed lunch, when two of Toronto's fairest walked on deck and passed by, but not without one of them, a tall and handsome brunette, receiving a quiet greeting from Harry, who, by the way, was an admirer as well as an acquaintance. Now Harry's friend, whose name was very changeable, and no matter how often turned backwards and forwards always remained Mr. Massam, was very much disturbed by the presence of the charming brunette and declared that he would be the happiest man living if he were but acquainted with this latest fairest of her sex. Harry felt that to keep such a charmer from Massam would be cruel, since excitement or worry on such a day would but intensify what they sought to avoid, and an introduction of all four immediately followed. Harry says, and I believe him, that Massam and the brunette formed such a fast and furious friendship that it soon appeared as if they had played hookey together in childhood and had only been estranged by some cruel fate for a very short space of time, while a renewal of the old friendship required a recapitulation of all that had ever occurred. Any onlooker would have formed the same opinion, and they both laughed and chatted at the same time, understanding what each other was saying or was about to say intuitively.

Harry tried to entertain the brunette's friend, who was at one time, if not to-day, one of Toronto's sweetest singers and deserving of the name he now calls her, his Nightingale, but when she opened on the topic of music and led him into unknown realms of song, bewildering to one who could not distinguish one note from another, he was much relieved that one of our city's popular brokers made his appearance and joined the discussion.

About this juncture Mr. Massam took a stroll to see the purser, and Harry thought a little joke would make the return still more pleasant, so turning suddenly to Miss Brunette the conversation ran thus:

Harry—Well, how do you like the doctor?

Miss B.—Which doctor?

Harry—Why, Dr. Massam?

Miss B.—But you did not introduce him as doctor.

Harry—Then excuse me, it was my mistake owing to intimacy, and it is strange you did not find it out after so much furious chatting!

Miss B.—Well, he did not tell me.

Miss Nightingale and the broker became interested in the enquiries and the broker solved the difficulty by recalling the fact that a doctor of that name lived on —— street in the city, but had only done so for a short time, and the new title so unexpectedly created for the bank dude was accepted as a settled fact. On Mr. Massam returning to his fair charmer he was welcomed by Harry in the brief enquiry, "Well, doctor, have you settled your business with the purser?" A shake of the head and a laugh as he sat down was the reply, and the conversation with his fairest commenced in this way:

Miss B.—Why didn't you tell me you were a doctor?

Mr. M.—Excuse me, I did, but you have overlooked it. It was in this way. When you suggested your intention of studying to be a lady doctor I advised you I had already taken the medical course.

Miss B. at once yielded to the explanation and the remainder of the trip was spent in jollying the ladies about seasickness, the newly constituted doctor offering his professional services and insisting that Harry and the broker were not to be relied on as judges of causes and effects, but that he would diagnose and prescribe whatever and whenever necessary.

There were frequent looks passed between Harry and Mr. M. which they had to explain, and did so by remarking that there was a very good joke on Miss B. related to them by the broker. While the ladies were endeavoring to quiz it out, the Cibola ended her round trip and a few minutes later the party of five were at the corner of Front and Yonge streets looking for their respective street cars. Before parting, however, this conversation took place seriously involving an entire as well as innocent stranger to the events of the day.

Miss B. to Mr. M.—If I call you up to-morrow, doctor, will you tell me the joke?

Mr. M.—Most certainly.

Miss B.—What is your telephone number, doctor?

Mr. M. (without much hesitation and carefully avoiding the bank's number rattled off the number of Harry's telephone)—52301.

Harry having overheard this little conversation on the side, was quite prepared when Miss Nightingale requested that he should tell her the joke when she would ring him up to-morrow and promptly returned an answer in the affirmative, giving as his number that of the bank (845) where Mr. M. pretended to earn a livelihood when he was not out lunching or down in the basement brushing his latest production from the tailors, and arranging his hat and cane for a 2.55 p.m. exit.

The two fairest angels of modern creation, thus assured of one more interview each with her newly acquired and imaginary social satellites, parted the new and tender ties (as it were temporarily and in the best of spirits) to find their homes under the escort of the again and at last happy broker. It should be explained here what was subsequently discovered by Mr. M. as he followed up the vision of happiness thus begun, that not only the broker but another brother, if not so cunning a financier yet more gifted in legal lore, were both striving to make this lovely brunette their very own. In this way the departure of the two in embryo cashiers was as much a relief as their presence had been a bore to him since six p.m.;

Whatoccurred the following day by virtue of the muddle into which the two ladies were led by the incident of the interchange of telephone numbers, is best told by repeating what occurred and the different conversations of the following day:

The Nightingale was, strange to say, the early bird in this case, and about ten a.m. called up 845 and asked for Harry, but the response came that no such person was under the never-observing eye of the inspector of that bank. Her soliloquy: "This is strange, but I may have mistaken the number; and yet, how could I forget it? If I had only enquired which bank! Well, I can easily find the doctor's number, and I will possibly get the joke, as well as the information about Harry's number from him." So musing she turned to the telephone directory and soon called up the real Dr. M., but alas Mrs. M. answered and assured her the doctor would be in at half-past twelve. The innocent wife could not persuade her to leave her name or number, and again at half-past twelve answered to say that the doctor was expected every moment, and succeeded in extracting the number of the anxious maiden's telephone. A few minutes later the doctor had his first innings about as follows:

Miss N.—Good morning, doctor; how are you this morning?

Dr. M.—Very well, thank you. Who is speaking?

Miss N.—Oh, you know." How is Harry, and what bank is he in?

Dr. M.—Well, really, I am at a loss to know you or Harry.

Miss N.—No more fooling, doctor; you did your share and more, yesterday. Didn't you enjoy your sail? Quit your nonsense and tell me the joke you had on my friend yesterday, or Harry will tell me.

Dr. M.—Well, this is interesting, but I assure you I was not sailing yesterday.

Miss N.—Not on the Cibola yesterday with Harry and two ladies? Come, now, I know your voice and it is mean to try and make another joke so early in the day.

Dr. M.—I tell you, lady, you are——

The telephones got disconnected, and after some efforts were not put right, so Miss N. decided she would find Harry by aid of the directory and let her friend pursue the doctor. About an hour later Miss B. called up 52301 and enquired for Dr. Massam, to which Harry's clerk replied, "No such person here," and she immediately had recourse to the directory, which satisfied her she had misunderstood the number, and the bewildered doctor with his wife on the alert beside him, was again at the telephone.

Miss B.—Well, doctor, good afternoon. I called up to ask you to keep your promise.

Dr. M.—What promise, and who is speaking?

Miss B.—Oh, you know. Don't, please, keep me in suspense. The joke. The ladies on the boat yesterday, etc.

Dr. M.—You called me up before to-day and I told you I was not sailing yesterday.

Miss B.—Excuse me, I did not call you up to-day. You are at your old tricks and nonsense again. Do be sensible and tell me or I'll ring off and never speak to you again.

Dr. M.—If you are not the same lady who called me up you are her double, for she persisted that I knew her, went for a sail yesterday, knew some joke, a bank clerk called Harry and about fifty other things, until our telephone broke under the excitement or I rung off in disgust to try and pacify Mrs. M., who was frantic and has not yet recovered. If you want to break up my house and home just send another to the telephone who was out sailing, etc., yesterday.

This fusillade in a very serious tone from the doctor, brought the enquirer to her senses and a moment's thought persuaded her that Miss Nightingale must have called up and that a gigantic mystery or dream was in the air, so she dropped the phone and flew from it before the doctor had quite finished his intended extensive tirade or lecture on the evil effect of practical jokes.

The evening of the same day two heads almost touched as they eagerly peered into a city directory until they located the correct occupation and addresses as well as telephones of their now very mystical would-be friends, and the following morning wired each, required them to call up a certain telephone number with apologies, or duels would settle the misunderstandings.

However, the contest between the broker, his brother and the temporary doctor is not yet over, the points so far scored being much in Mr. M.'s favor.

While accord and satisfaction were being meted out to the injured females the real doctor was making his complaint to his brother, Mr. Massam Sen'r, the father of the short-lived doctor, that his wife was very abusive since the occurrence of yesterday and insisted on one of two things, separation or satisfactory explanation; that he had declared as well as sworn his innocence, yet she adhered to her ultimatum. The peace of this unhappy family was only restored upon a complete confession of the younger Mr. M. before his father, uncle and aunt. The doctor was shown a photo of the origin or inception of the incident. "A beautiful lady indeed," he remarked to the brother. "Egad, I am sorry I was not in the joke;" who replied by a quiet and well guarded laugh of assent, "me too."

M. J. W.

### Believed in Heredity.

Weery—That baby over the way seems to inherit its voice from both parents.

Cheery—How so?

Weery—Well, it makes a great noise, like its father, and keeps it up all the time, like its mother!

### Very Green.

She—Did your grandfather live to a green old age?

He—Well, I should say so! He was buncoed three times after he was seventy.

# TWICE LOST:

## A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

*Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.*

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### CHAPTER XLI.

A RECKLESS LENDER.

In her physical fear of this demented woman, who carried a knife in the bosom of her dress, and swore to kill someone, Edith Orr had said, "Come," and opening the door led the way downstairs to the little shop.

As soon as she found herself in the presence of the widow and Nancy, her courage returned. She had never before in her life known what fear was, and she felt greatly shaken. Even now she had not decided how to act. She had promised Pollie to keep private what had passed between the two of them, and she was not clear how far the promise extended. It was certain, however, that as Pollie could not leave her present home without Mrs. Natchbrook's knowledge, the promise did not extend to keeping from the widow Pollie's wish to desert the Isle of Dogs.

The old woman saw as the two entered the shop that something distressing and unpleasant had occurred. It was in Edith's face she noticed the most change. Pollie, although showing signs of excitement past, was quickly losing the wild aspect which had terrified Edith upstairs, and assuming a sullen air.

"Mrs. Blackwood and I have been speaking about a change for her, and as she has no longer an objection to the south side of the river, we hope by and by, when she is a little stronger, that she may be able to come over the water and live near us."

"No," said Pollie, looking sulkily and ominously at Edith, "we were not saying that. I am this moment strong enough to go anywhere. My cousin, John Crane, told me I could live with Edith Orr and her mother. I want to go live with Edith Orr now—at once—to-day."

Edith made a secret sign to Mrs. Natchbrook to discourage this idea.

"Well, you know my dear," said the good old woman in her kindest tones, "no doubt Miss Orr would like of all things to have you with her, as your cousin, Mr. Crane, said. But Miss Orr has just let the rooms intended for you, dear, and I suppose she has nowhere else to put you just now. That must be why she thinks it would be better in a little time."

Edith gave a grateful glance to the speaker.

"A lodger! Who is this lodger? When did she take this lodger in? Did she offer to take me merely to mock me?" cried the other angrily.

Pollie had up to this hour been so gentle that Mrs. Natchbrook was amazed, taken aback by the sudden violent insubordination. She looked in perplexity at Edith for guidance, but found nothing on the girl's face only approval and encouragement to go on in the line she had taken.

"You know very well, dear, that Miss Orr would no more think of mocking you than of cutting off her hand. You know she has always done everything she could for you, and I am quite sure, Mrs. Blackwood, that she will be only too happy to go on doing everything she can for you——"

"Thank you very much for saying that, Mrs. Natchbrook. It is quite true," interposed Edith gratefully.

"But you know, dear, Miss Orr, or rather Mrs. Orr, has let her rooms to this Mr. Edward Fancourt whose shirts you are marking, and Miss Orr feels very sorry that she can't have you at present."

Edith by this time had almost recovered. She said: "You see, Mrs. Natchbrook, I have had a letter from Mr. Crane, and I fear he may not be back as soon as we expected. He has not met with good fortune where he went, and there may be delay, and a misfortune has happened in connection with his business here, and it has become an object with us to secure this tenant."

Pollie's face changed; the expression became bitter and cunning. "Oh, I see," she said scornfully, "Jack Crane has had bad luck and delay—loss, most likely, in America and in his business here, and he may not be back quite soon—he may not come back, perhaps, at all; and, of course, it is always well to have two strings to your bow, which in this case means having two beaux to your string," she laughed derisively.

Edith turned deadly pale and clutched the counter for support. Mrs. Natchbrook looked in open-mouthed astonishment at Pollie and Nancy, and Nancy, speaking for the first time, said, "Oh, for shame to say such a thing, Mrs. Blackwood! After all Miss Orr's kindness, too!"

Upon this there was silence. The women who had been shocked by Pollie's cruel speech could see some astounding change had taken place in the afflicted wife, but none of them was able to realize that the Pollie of a week ago could by any change, how great soever, come to utter a spiteful speech of such deadly virulence against anyone, to say nothing of launching it against Edith, who had done her nothing but kindness.

But Pollie had not yet finished. She burst out again with:

"Yes, you all thought I was a fool. You all spoke to me as if I were a fool. Well, I own I was a fool to let you think me an idiot. But cool or no fool, I remember all that was said to me. I don't forget Edith Orr's telling me about this handsome young Edward Fancourt who wanted to get the rooms at Muscovy place long ago, when John Crane would not have him. John Crane didn't care, I suppose, to put a handsome young man under the same roof with his sweetheart. John Crane isn't a particularly well favored young man, and it would not do to lodge a handsome rival under the same roof with his sweetheart, and now when John's back is turned this young man takes the rooms."

"Oh, shame! shame!" cried Nancy, coming from behind the counter and approaching the speaker.

"Yes," went on Pollie, her eyes now flashing. "Don't you see how it is? All this has occurred together. It has all come at once. How very lucky! How exceedingly fortunate! Something goes wrong with John Crane in America; something goes wrong with his business here. He is not coming back soon, therefore his rival is beckoned to Muscovy place, and to add to the wickedness, I, John Crane's cousin, am asked to mark the shirts of the fortunate man who has cut out the unfortunate John Crane with Edith Orr."

Nancy darted to Pollie, and catching her by the arm drew her into the little passage at the foot of the stairs, crying, "Not another word! Not another word, Mrs. Blackwood! This is outrageous; and you'll be bitterly sorry for it when you cool."

"Oh, Mrs. Natchbrook!" cried Edith in terror, "Nancy ought to take care. I am afraid the poor creature has gone quite mad, and she has a knife. She showed it to me upstairs."

The sound of a struggle came from inside the thin partition. "I was mad, but I am sane now. You all played upon me, and sported with and mocked me when you thought I was mad. But I am all right now, and I mean to have revenge on all of you! On every soul of you that played on me when I was demented," cried the infuriated woman.

"Hush! Hush! You know we all love you, and that we all did the best we could for you when you were ill, and we will keep on doing the best we can for you. But you must be reasonable, and keep quiet. What do you think the neighbors who hear all this will say?" cried Nancy, in a soothing and expostulating tone, while still there came the sound of swaying and bangingagainst the partition, and the scuffle of struggling feet.

Mrs. Natchbrook hastened to the little door leading into the passage and opened it quickly. Pollie and Nancy must at the moment have been leaning against it, for no sooner did it swing open than the two fell headlong into the shop. Nancy sprang to her feet in a moment, but the other lay still.

They raised the poor, insanimate woman, and for a while they thought her dead. But she had only been overcome by her fierce excitement and the struggle, and in less than half an hour she regained consciousness, and found herself lying weak and exhausted on her own bed, and with no memory of anything that had occurred since the beginning of the scene with Edith upstairs.

Edith waited till all anxiety had passed away, and then took her road home. While the paroxysm of the poor woman lasted Edith had time for only two feelings, fear and pity, but now that she knew the danger was over, and now that she was out of reach of the possessed woman she experienced a severe nervous reaction, and even the wild and random words of Jack's cousin began to bite and rankle in her mind.

The wild words Pollie in her frenzy had spoken did seem to have a look of reasonableness about them. Then Pollie had said perhaps Jack would never come home. No matter how bold a face she might put on it to others when she was low and wretched, it did seem as if she had lost him. In fact, she had lost him, for had he not told her she was free, and that he was without money or friends in the midst of a desperate country where his very life had been threatened and where it was in danger still?

"Oh, but I must not think of these things, or I, too, shall go mad, like the unhappy woman I have just left. I must keep my head cool, and remember I am doing all I can for my man, who went over the seas and took his life in his hands among savages for his girl—for me. That surely is honor in our day, such as the knights of old paid to their lady-love. Oh, my Jack, my Jack, come back to me; your Edie is starving for a sight of you, for the straight manly look of your eyes, for the clasp of your honest hand."

She might have broken down and wept but that at this moment she found herself turning into Muscovy place. With a start she dismissed the thoughts which had been oppressing her. There would be no good in giving her mother an account of the scenes through which she had passed. Her poor mother had already enough food for troublesome thoughts. What had happened at the Isle of Dogs she should keep to herself. It had no practical value at all now, and could have none at any time. It would only pain and distress her mother.

Edith assumed a cheerful, even gay air, as she opened the door of number eight and stepped into the shop.

She found a grave-looking, elderly man with a note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other, leaning over the counter chatting to her mother.

"This," said Mrs. Orr, "is Mr. Spraggs, the gentleman who is to make the inventory. I could not go around with him myself. He has been waiting a little while. Perhaps you will take him round now. Mr. Fancourt is out and the charwoman has finished till ten time and gone home."

The elderly man took off his hat and bowed until his bald crown pointed at Edith's waist and he looked like a shortlegged and somewhat tumbled camera.

"I shall not detain you very long, madam," said he, as he came back to the perpendicular, brushed his hat with his sleeve and put it on his head. "I have much experience, unfortunately, in things of this kind, and practice makes perfect in this as well as any other business. I have a friend who is in a still more gloomy business. He is, in fact, ladies, an undertaker, and he tells me it is quite surprising how quickly you can get the screws home when you have a little experience and business is brisk. He is a most respectable man. In fact, he was married the third time only last month. May I offer you his card and ask you to mention my name—my name is Spraggs—should it be your melancholy necessity to require his services at any time."

Edith took the card, looked at it and shuddered.

"And now," said Mr. Spraggs, with a courtly bow, "we will, with your kind permission, proceed to business. I have seen your excellent man, Mr. Sherwin, and I know what is required, and can do it promptly."

Taking the inventory was a much less elaborate and methodical thing than Edith had anticipated. In fact, Mr. Spraggs barely looked into the rooms and the whole thing was over in ten minutes. When it was finished Mr. Spraggs withdrew with courtly dignity, saying he would bring the money, one hundred and eighty pounds, that evening at seven o'clock.

The expeditiousness of the whole transaction filled mother and daughter with surprise. Mrs. Orr in the end finding a full and gratifying explanation in the belief that among the goods on which the advance was made might be found one article worth all the money.

"Take my word for it, Edie," said she to her daughter, "it's that old mahogany writing-table in the drawing-room. It belonged to my Aunt Julia, and I often heard it was worth its weight in gold, very near."

"I was curious about that table, mother," said the girl, "for I often heard you say it is valuable. I asked Mr. Spraggs what it was worth, and he said, 'fifteen bob.'"

Mrs. Orr was greatly shocked, and from that moment forward held the courtly Mr. Spraggs a pretender to good manners, and a man of no real refinement, one whose showy manners covered a coarse nature.

However this may have been, that evening, at seven o'clock, Mr. Spraggs returned to Muscovy place, and there and then, upon her signing a large blue document, and Edith signing her name as a witness, paid into the hands of Mrs. Orr one hundred and eighty pounds. Even the payment of the money did not win back Mrs. Orr's good opinion. The preciousness of her Aunt Julia's table had been an article of her creed all her life, and as far as she was concerned she would have been glad to take twenty pounds less if Mr. Spraggs had only shown taste enough to value her Aunt Julia's table at that sum, or any greater. The worst of this trouble about Aunt Julia's table was, that owing to the nature of the transaction she could not retrieve her mind by speaking of the matter to any neighbor who happened to drop in for a little gossip.

That night, as she and Edith were sitting by the fire, the hundred and eighty pounds being locked in the safe, Edith said, "Nothing ever surprised me more than the easy way we got that money, mother. I thought there would be all kinds of legal things to be done and fees to be paid, and putdings-off, and delays. I have often read about such things, and always understood they were nearly as unpleasant as a death in the house."

"Well, my dear," said the old woman, stooping forward in her great chair to stir the fire, "it is almost as unpleasant as death to have strangers come into your house and stare at your things, at the things you've been used to for thirty years, and then when they not only stare at them and put them down in a list, but belittle them, it's hard to bear—hard to bear, my child. But in this case, I'm sure I didn't mind at all; for it's all for your good and your Jack's. It may be, my dear, that going to a local man to borrow the money saved time and expense. I always heard that Mr. Samuelson, who gave us the money, was one of the hardest men in Farham, and how he came to be so easy with us I am sure I do not know, except it was on account of our being so long in the place and always respectable. It may have been, my dear, the table, after all."

Edith shook her head. "He did not take long to make up his mind about that. He only just glanced at it and said what I told you."

"That's the way often with people who want to buy a rare curiosity, my dear; they offer for the lot in order to get what they want without drawing attention to it. I wonder who told Mr. Sherwin to go to Samuelson. Was it you, my dear?"

"Oh, no," said Edith, who looked pale and worn. "I did not know Mr. Samuelson did things of the kind."

"Nor I," said the mother; "but there is Mr. Sherwin's knock." In a minute Ben entered the room. "Mr. Sherwin," said the old woman, motioning him to a chair, "we have got the money—the hundred and eighty pounds; it was brought to us to-night, and we are surprised to get it so quickly. We did not know Mr. Samuelson was a money-lender, and we wonder who told you to go to him."

"Oh, I thought you knew. I was under the impression you were aware I was going to Samuelson. I was told to go by Mr. Fancourt."

"What!" cried Edith, starting up from the table and growing crimson.

"Mr. Fancourt said he had spoken about the matter, and told me if I went to Samuelson there would be no trouble about the advance."

### CHAPTER XLII.

"EDITH ORR, WITNESS."

Edith Orr's bedroom was at the back of the house overlooking the Thames. Beneath her was Jeaters' sitting-room. Mrs. Orr slept in the front room on the same floor as her daughter.

That night when the young girl had helped her mother to bed and found herself alone in her own room, she felt she could not sleep. She put on a heavy cloak, and having sat down in an old straw easy chair by the window with a rug round her knees blew out the candle and pulled up the blind.

It was a raw, cold, winter's night with a thin drizzling rain driving against the streaming window in a low, fitful wind. The ebbing river ran away towards the sea under the wall against which she leaned her head in the embrasure. Through perpendicular streams of rain running down the pane she could dimly see the river ebbing, ebbing, ebbing, running away from the land, running away from the great heart of London and all its towns into the rayless night, towards the great waters of the middle sea.

It was plain by the way the girl made her preparations that this was not her first vigil by the brown stream. Through the rain and blurred window glass the Essex side was represented by a low, long line of yellow light. Here and there upon the bosom of the Thames a large, dark and shapeless mass was visible; this was some vessel riding at anchor. Edith knew the habits of the river as one knows the habits of a friend or an animal. She did not expect to be entertained by any procession of floating things on their way to distant ports, adventuring towards perilous gulfs. She knew that no craft of any kind would pass down to-night. Edith had never enquired why the half-ebb after dark was a time when man made no use of the great highway of London. She knew that at such times the river was alone, and all her life the Thames had been her one friend.

She had been an only child, idolized by her father and mother until her father's death, and worshiped by her mother when the unworldly, eccentric father died. If ever a child ought to have been spoiled that child was Edith Orr. Never in all the world was a child less injured by the doting deference of parents. Early she found that her father and mother were weak and would offer no serious opposition to her in anything. She set up herself to become a judge of things, and early taught herself to rely on her own estimate of what was reasonable and what was vain. Hence, in time, from seeking to know her slightest wish her parents came to letting her alone, for she would never allow them to know her wish, unless the wish was in line with her judgment. So in the end they did not come to her with offers of service, but with outstretched hands to receive the gifts of her judgment.

She had been sent to a day school in the neighborhood until she acquired the rudiments of a simple English education. She had never cultivated music or drawing. She had left school early of her own free will, saying that as she could read and did not mean to be clever, she could get on very well. She read little, but she thought much and gossiped seldom, and was free from anxieties about dress, and kept herself very much to herself, and had a theory that the inequalities of earth made no difference at all in the nearness of anyone on earth to heaven.

She had even said to her mother, "The Lady who lives on the hill at Windsor has nothing better to look on than the stars of the sky over our head here and the Thames which runs under our window."

A friend to whom Mrs. Orr repeated this saying was shocked and said it was Radical blasphemy. But Edith did not know what a Radical was, and when she said the words thought she was praising all people and all things.

Edith knew everyone in the neighborhood and had a nod and a pleasant word for everyone she knew. But she had no friend. She had never told her secrets to any girl of her acquaintance—perhaps because she had no secrets to tell. She had never flung herself into any girl's arms and burst into tears—perhaps because there never was any reason why she should save up her tears for a sympathetic bosom. She had lived an open, hearty, clear life, and although she had never found it necessary or desirable to tell anyone all that was in her mind, she had never used craft or diplomacy or found the least desire to say anything with a view beyond conveying what was in her mind. She took all common things lightly, not so much because she thought lightly of them as because the difference between things on earth didn't seem of much consequence when you think of the stars and of love. In the stars she caught a gleam of the infinite regions of God; in love she caught a gleam of the infinite spirit of God. The undogmatized creed of her soul was, "He prayeth best who loveth best." She read the whole meaning of the Great Mission, of the Second Dispensation, in the words, "Love ye one another." She had no desire to be in muscle or brain stronger than a man. She knew she was stronger than man in love, and she pitied man for his weakness in love. She had no desire to draw love towards herself. She wanted to give love to others and fill up their deficiency, as a strong man likes to help a weaker up a hill, or a clever man makes his neighbor free of his adroitness.

Her mental attitude had never been defined in her own mind. If she had heard this account of her feelings she would not have recognized that it applied to herself.

This night as she sat in the dark, looking out through the streaming casement at her only friend, the Thames, for the first time in her life she began to feel heavily burdened.

The news from America was bad enough to dismay the stoutest spirit. Jack had not only wholly failed to realize the hopes which took him away from her side, but was involved in loss and bodily danger, left in a strange, half savage land without money or a friend. His saying he would release her was no more than she would expect from a man of his chivalrous generosity. She believed no one except herself knew her Jack was chivalrously generous. How she knew it she could not tell, but she was as certain of it as that the river out there in the dreary darkness was rushing towards the sea.

But he would come back to her as sure as the water would return to these banks from which it was now flying so swiftly, so mysteriously, so remorselessly.

Then there was this extraordinary conduct, madness call it, on the part of Jack's cousin Pollie, or Fannie as she now was named. No doubt the poor suffering woman's distressing actions and sayings were the actions and sayings of insanity, and there was no telling whether the seizure with which the last scene ended would leave her with a mind permanently enfeebled or enraged. There was no knowing in what trouble and expense this poor, unhappy woman might involve them, and this was no time for additional trouble or expense.

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Then, last of all, was the extraordinary generosity of Mr. Edward Fancourt, the lodger on the floor below. No doubt he was now asleep in the front room, the one under her mother's. If he were, she hoped his dreams were made pleasant by the memory of the astonishing kind words he had said to her when the double blow fell, when that desperate letter came from Jack, deferring his return indefinitely, and news came from the city that the money borrowed must be restored, that the loan could not be renewed.

With a thrill of gratitude, Edith drew her cloak closer round her. It was more comforting than wine to think of a friend like that.

Then, with an uneasy sense of indignation, she thought of the words Ben Sherwin had uttered to say, implying jealousy of Fancourt in Jack. Could anything be more absurd, more absolutely absurd! Of course Jack knew she was his, his only, his entirely. She had never a thought of another man as of more interest to her than the first man who passed the door. As her mother had said, Jack was her man, and she supposed she was his woman. They were one in spirit, and would be one all their lives.

No doubt what she felt for Jack was love, though Jack did not look or speak or act like a lover in romantic novels or the poets. It did not seem the same kind of love described in romantic novels or sung by poets. It seemed quieter and surer and truer. It felt as though Jack and she had been destined for one another from the beginning of things. The notion of any man on earth coming between her and Jack was more absurd than to suppose the two banks of the river out there could be on the one side of the stream.

Edith, in trying to find this simile for the impossible, had taken her attention from her thoughts and sat gazing through the rain streams wavering down the pane, at the great river slipping silently away in the dreary night.

For a while she sat leaning forward in her old straw chair, gazing at the river, thinking of nothing at all. The Thames, in sunshine and in shadow, by day and by night, through shower and shine, had been her friend, her closest and only friend, and to sit and look and contemplate it any time or under any circumstances had a soothing, a cheering effect on her, as the voice of an old acquaintance coming on the ear unexpected and unawares.

All at once she drew back from the window with a start, as though she had found a face peering through the glass.

What could be the meaning of this stranger taking such an interest in their affairs? Why had he come to her and with such courteous deference offered to lend the money? Why had he told Sherwin to see Samuelson, a man not known in the neighborhood as a money-lender? Why had Samuelson given the money with so much lightness and ease?

Had Mr. Fancourt not only offered to lend her the money, but had he absolutely lent it?

She grew crimson in the dark. She drew back from the window with a sense of unendurable shame. She had never known what shame was before and the feeling was intolerable. She was choking, and loosed her collar. For the first time in her life she felt it would relieve her to scream. She felt as if the privacy of her maiden heart, of her maiden chamber, had been invaded by an unwelcome, an unknown and an unbearable presence. Up to this moment her life, and the life round her, had been open and clear as day. There was not anything in the whole world to make her shy.

Now in the flashing of a moment all this seemed changed. She saw as clearly as the bolldy eye sees that she was a lovely woman, upon whom a handsome, attractive man was creeping with subtleties and cunning and wiles. It filled her with a terrible shame to think that a man was plotting to seize her. There was a man using subtle devices to reach a woman, and she, Edith Orr, was that woman!

The darkness of the room was not sufficient for her shame. She shrank into her cloak and drew it over her head and across her eyes. The river appeared too much or too little for her, she did not know which.

The strange thing was, that here in this second man came the handsome, gay, fascinating lover of romance and the poets. Was there something after all in the romance of the novelists and the poets?

In a while she became more composed. She dropped her cloak from her head and shoulders; she flung aside the rug from her knees; she rose, let down the blind and lit the candle.

She set her one dim candle at the point of the dressing-table best suited to light a figure standing in front of the looking-glass.

The cloak had disordered her hair. She took down her rich, ripe, golden, brown hair, nut and gold, and let it flow over her shoulders. Holding her stately head aloft, she turned around, bowing to her image in the mirror. She turned around a second time, smiling a gracious welcome; she turned around again, smiling a look of mirthful invitation.

"Now," she said, "let me think it is Jack come home." She gathered her hair into a braid behind and bound a simple fillet round her head. This severe treatment of the head suited her stately beauty.

She stood before the glass with her back to it for a moment. She was to turn round suddenly, as if Jack were coming in the door.

When she twirled round and saw the radiant, sparkling beauty of the face greeting the wanderer to his safe home, she clapped her hands softly and cried, "Oh, what a welcoming face! He would be glad to see that!"

Then she moved away to the side of the glass, so as to be out of sight of it. This time she was to look in the glass and find the picture of a girl surprised by a handsome and unknown cavalier offering romantic love.

Edith Orr, in the silence of the night, through which wandered the mysterious, insistent, ceaseless murmur of the waters of the river, crept cautiously towards the mirror and peered in.

The beautiful face she saw was sanctified by virgin timidity and etherealized by a light of wonder and awful hope. It was the face of an enraptured saint awakening to the warm world and unforbidden joys.

She clasped her hands and sank upon her knees, and, covering her face with her hands, murmured softly:

"Oh, this is the loveliest of all! This is what John Crane has never seen, can never see!"

Rising quickly from her knees, she blew out the candle, and, with a long, low moan, flung herself on the bed and burst into a wild passion of tears.

Although it was very late, Frank Jeaters had not yet left his sitting-room, but he had entered on dreams more rapturous than Edith had wished him at the beginning of her vigil by the river. Hour after hour he had sat in his chair, sunk in delirious reveries over Edith Orr. By his side on the table lay a large blue paper of two folios, the first of which was covered with a list of household goods, the second of which bore a continuation of the list and several signatures.

As Edith flung herself on the bed Frank Jeaters aroused from his waking dream. He arose slowly and took up the formal-looking document at his side.

With a sigh he gazed at the second folio.

"I would have gladly given the money," he murmured, "for that signature, and I would give all I have in the world for the hand that wrote it."

He raised the blue, legal paper to his lips and kissed it where appeared the signature of "Edith Orr," Witness.

*(To be Continued.)*

## The Coachman's Story.

It was my first regular place, sir, and proud enough I was, as you may believe. I had helped groom the horses at Mr. Leslie's stable, and I had lent a hand at odd jobs around Mr. Warrington's fishing camp, but I never went as regular coachman until old Major Juggleford engaged me at twenty dollars a month and my board, with two black livery suits a year thrown in.

You may guess how pleased I was; the first ten dollar bill I sent to mother up in Toronto, and me only two-and-twenty; but I was always old-looking for my years, and had a steady way with me.

It wasn't the liveliest place in the world at the Major's—Juggleford Hall, they called it—and the only bit of life about it was Trippy, Miss Gertrude's maid.

"Well, Sam," said she, in that pretty, aggravating way of hers, "how do you like your new place?"

"It seems about as wideawake as a deaf and dumb asylum, miss," said I.

"Don't call me miss, Sam," giggled she. "I'm only a servant like yourself."

"You're a very good one to look at," said I.

"Sorry I can't return the compliment," she said, her black eyes sparkling.

And after that we were very good friends, though old Mrs. Mobbs, the housekeeper, was always plotting and planning to keep us apart; and it was through Trippy that I first heard of the love story between Mr. Warrington and Miss Gertrude.

"Do you mean to say you never knew it before?" said Trippy. (Her real christened name was "Tryphena.")

"Not a word," said I.

"Oh, then, you ain't going to help us?"

"Help you do what?" asked I.

"Oh, stupid!" cried Trippy, with an impatient shake of her curly head. "Help to circumvent the old Turk, to be sure. Major Juggleford, I mean. For, you see, he's made up his mind that Miss Gertrude shall marry Dr. Darwin, who's old enough to be her father and he's got a wart on the end of his nose. But he's rich, you see, and poor Mr. Warrington has got nothing but his handsome face and his merry black eyes."

Here was a full-blown love story, to be sure—and I wasn't long in giving Trippy to understand that I was with her and Miss Gertrude and Mr. Warrington, heart and soul.

But, after all, what was there that I could do? Major Juggleford never really trusted me, after he heard that I had lived with Mr. Warrington, and I had no chance at all to show my sympathy. But I used to gather fresh waterlilies for her every morning—Trippy took these to her room—and I set myself to work to tame a young fox, that I had caught in a trap, for her. There wasn't anything else I could do.

I did not see Miss Gertrude until I had been nearly a week at Juggleford Hall.

"She's delicate, Trippy, ain't she?" said I. "Looks like a flower that has grown in the shade."

"She ain't a bit well," Trippy answered. "Nor she won't be, as long as they torment her so. It's a morning shame, to ask a girl to marry an old fogy like Dr. Darwin, while, all this time, her heart belongs to Mr. Frank Warrington!"

"It is that!" said I, with emphasis.

"Oh, do be careful, Sam," said Trippy—for I was helping to set the studio to rights, moving the big carved cabinet and taking down the window draperies, that were faded almost white in the sun, and at the same moment I gave a yell like a wild Indian.

"What's this?" said I. "Is it alive?"

Trippy nearly doubled up with laughing.

"Oh, Sam!" said she, "you'll be the death of me! Don't look so frightened—don't! It's only a lay figure!"

"And what is a lay figure?" said I, keeping as far away as possible from the queer-looking, lanky thing, with its head hanging over on one side, as if its neck was broken, and its hands drooping straight down.

"It's what Miss Gertrude dresses up to paint pictures from," said she, when she could get breath enough to answer me. "You don't mean to say that you never saw one before!"

"Never!" said I, keeping as far away as possible, for it seemed as if it might come alive any minute, and made me think of the spooks old Granny Magilton used to talk about. "And does Miss Gertrude paint real pictures?"

"The prettiest you ever set eyes on," said Trippy. "If only her spirit was equal to it, and she wasn't badgered about that old Darwin fudge, I'm dead sure she'd be a great artist!"

But now that it's all over, I don't mind saying that I was glad to carry the draperies out to the back lawn, where they were to be dusted, and so get rid of the sight of that lay figure. It was spooky, no mistake about it.

The next day there was a great rumpus at the hall. Somehow the Major had contrived to get hold of one of Mr. Frank's love letters.

"So he's hanging about the premises, is he The shiftless, good-for-nothing young vagabond!" said he. "But, I'll settle his business for him! Trippy, pack your young lady's things at once. I'll take her to Saratoga where Dr. Darwin is drinking the waters for the benefit of his liver. She shall be married out of hand!"

"Papa!" shrieked Miss Gertrude, turning as pale as ashes.

"I mean it!" said the Major, stamping around in a fury. "Lose no time. The stage comes past the gate at nine o'clock to-night. We can get the sleeper at Callentown and be in Saratoga to-morrow morning, and you shall be Mrs. Dr. Darwin in less than twenty-four hours! I won't be circumvented like this—I won't be defied—I won't be set at naught by anyone alive!"

Miss Gertrude burst into tears and sobs that might have melted a heart of stone. Trippy wrung her hands.

"But see how it's raining, sir," said she. "My young lady isn't fit to—"

"She's neither sugar nor salt!" interrupted the Major, still spinning around like an elderly peg-top. "Pack up, I say, and lose no time."

Of course, this was very hard. Even old Mrs. Mobbs owned as much as that. Trippy went about, looking as if she'd lost her best friend, and I gathered a double lot of water-lilies when I went out on the lake to catch fish for dinner.

"It'll be the last she'll get," said I. "And only to think, she'll never see the fox go through the tricks I'm teaching him!"

"What's that you're bringing here, Sam!" the Major thundered, as he met me face to face on the garret stairs.

I nearly dropped my load in my consternation.

"It's Trippy's trunk, sir," I stammered.

"Take it back again!" roared the Major. "She won't need it."

"Sir!" gasped I.

"Take—it—back—again!" said he.

"Ain't I going, sir?" cried Trippy, who was waiting at the foot of the stairs.

"No, you're not!" said the Major.

"Who's to take care of her, sir?" persisted Trippy.

"She'll have a husband to look after her soon," said the Major, smiling a grim smile. "Until then I'm quite capable of caring for her."

I took the trunk back, but as I returned along the hall I could hear Miss Gertrude sobbing, and Trippy, poor soul, trying to comfort her. And all of a sudden the pitiful sounds stopped.

"She must be feeling better, poor young lady!" thought I. "I only wish we could get word to Mr. Frank!"

I don't know that I ever was out in a worse thunderstorm than when the stage coach stopped at the gates of Juggleford Hall that night. It was dark as pitch, and the wind blowing so that my stable lantern wasn't a bit of use.

The Major went first with a valise in each hand and a big mackintosh that flew open like the sails of a ship. I followed after with the trunks on a barrow, and Miss Gertrude came last, with Trippy almost carrying her along.

"I'm afraid your new traveling dress will be clean spoiled, miss," said Trippy.

"Hang the traveling dress!" said the Major, stepping plump into a puddle of water, for the gravel walk was like a lake. "Come on, Gertrude! What are you waiting for? Don't you see that the stage is here?"

"Look alive!" bawled the stage driver.

And between them, he and Trippy got Miss Gertrude into the back seat. There was just room for one passenger inside, and the Major was to go on the box, storm and all.

"If it was raining pitchforks and pork barrels I'd go all the same!" said the Major. "I can't afford to run any more risks—eh! Are we all ready? Are you comfortable, my dear?"

But Miss Gertrude never answered him a word. She sat silent and drooping.

"Are you crowded there?" pursued he.

"Time's up, sir!" said the stage driver, looking at his big silver watch.

"Sulking, eh?" said the Major. "Well, keep on if it amuses you! Yes, coachy, I'm all right!"

And he scrambled up to the box-seat with a good deal more activity than I'd supposed him to be capable of.

"Good-bye, Miss Gertrude!" shrilly called Trippy.

But the wheels and the thunder together made such a noise that we couldn't catch the answer.

"Don't cry, Trippy," soothed I. "Take my arm back to the house—the lantern has blown out, and the wind is fit to take you off your feet. I'll leave the barrow here until to-morrow morning. Don't cry, Trippy! It's a shame, so it is, but——"

She jerked her arms away from me.

"Sam," she said, in a choked voice, "go for the minister at once."

"The which?" said I.

"The minister, I say! Are you deaf?"

"Who's ill?" said I, with my mouth wide open. "Is it Mrs. Mobbs?"

"Don't stop to ask idiotic questions!" said Trippy, stamping her feet. "Quick! Run! It may be too late!"

When Trippy got one of those breezy ways with her, it was no use opposing her will. The only thing was to obey, and I ran down the short cut through the woods as fast as ever I could, after the Rev. Mr. Doty.

He was just shutting up his house for the night, but he put on his waterproof coat and came with me, when I represented the urgency of Trippy's message.

"It must be Mrs. Mobbs," said he. "She has been anxious about her soul this long time. My sermons have done some good, it would appear. Continual dropping wears the hardest stone!"

It was raining now harder than ever, but we managed to reach the old Hall. Trippy was waiting for us at the door. "Come in!" she cried. "Quick!"

"Is it Mrs. Mobbs?" said the minister. "Is she under conviction?"

The next minute Trippy flung open the library door. It was a blaze of waxlights there, and the table was all decorated with my water-lily buds.

There, before our eyes, stood Miss Gertrude dressed in white, with Mr. Warrington at her side.

"We wish to be married, sir," said he. "We are both fully of age, and there is no possible objection. Please proceed at once."

And then and there they were married.

Not until they had driven off in the carriage that was waiting at the back entrance gate did I collect my senses sufficiently to ask Trippy:

"But who was it that went in the stage coach with Major Juggleford? Eh, Trippy?"

"Oh, Sam, you dreadful goose!" said Trippy. "It was the lay figure!"—*Tit-Bits.*

### His Curriculum.

She—Has your college work begun yet, Mr. Sophly?

He—No; not yet. The ground 's too wet and slippery.—*Truth.*

### On the Rolling Deep.

First Passenger—Well, old boy, what's up this afternoon?

Passenger—All but the soup.

### At its True Value.

The manager of the Dominion Railway Advertising Agency, Mr. Alfred Roberts, 79 King street west, Toronto, Ont., writes: "I desire to testify to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil as a sure remedy for sprains, bruises, rheumatism, etc., having had occasion to use it in my family for some time past. In fact I would not be without a bottle of the oil in my house for double the amount charged." Well worth it.

### His Idea.

"John, what's the Salic law we read about in history?" asked Mrs. John.

"It was a law that prevented women becoming kings," replied John learnedly.


### For Biliousness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. B. Gillies, Winnipeg, Manitoba, says: "I have used it in a typical case of indigestion with biliousness, and found it to be, without exception, the best thing I ever used in such cases."


### Too Hard a Task.

Mrs. Foracloque—And you say the minister refused to christen your baby "Nebuchadnezzar? What was the reason?

Mrs. Quiverful—He stuttered.


### Don't Wait for the Sick Room.

The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in wasting diseases and consumption.


### Great Expectations.

Ikey Goldstein—Papa, I vos eighdt years oldt to-day.

Moses Goldstein—So you vos, mine leedle poy; so you vos.

Ikey—Gif me a present, papa?

Moses—Vait until it schnows, Ikey, and your papa vill make you some nice, beeg, roundt, vite, coldt schnow-balls!


Doctors? Pshaw! Take Beecham's Pills.


### Not Wanted.

Cashier—You will have to be identified.

Dutchman—Vot dos dot means?

Cashier—Why, bring someone here who knows you.

Dutchman—All der bolice knows me. I bring sum in.

Cashier—No, don't! They might know me too.


$10 Excursion to Washington, D.C., on Dec. 27 via the Picturesque Erie Railway.

Wait for the finest excursion of the season, only costs $10, round trip, Suspension Bridge to Washington. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge and good to return on or before January 5, 1883. You can also return via New York by paying $4 extra. Through sleepers. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.


### Philosophical.

Walker (the actor, as he arrives just in time to be too late to catch rear end of the last freight car)—Oh, well, let bygones be bygones!


### California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago and *vice versa*. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs; finest climate and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.


### Not Far Enough.

Rivers Ide—You know young Bingley, the architect? He's a lucky dog. A man who wants to build a swell country house is going to send him to Europe to get ideas.

Jack Lever—Well, from what I know of Bingley, he'll have to go further than that.


### New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.


### A Vast Difference.

"There is some difference between nature and the stage, isn't there?"

"Of course; but what do you mean particularly?"

"Why, in nature the frost brings the chestnuts; but on the stage, chestnuts bring on a frost."


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SICK Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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ALWAYS TRUE.

RHEUMATISM.—COL. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IT IS THE BEST.

## Music.

WHAT a pleasure the Thomas Orchestra was! Many people in Toronto doubted their own judgment when they were not raised to enthusiasm by the performances of the Seidl Orchestra the other day, but I fancy that few of these people would have any doubt left in their minds after hearing Thomas' splendid band on Tuesday evening. Mr. Seidl, with his splendid Continental reputation, was so unfortunate as to serve as a foil to the larger and better organization which played here this week. Mr. Thomas had sixty-five capable men with him, led by Max Bendix, a violinist of repute both as a soloist and as a *concert meister*. The strings were all good, and the most beautiful effects were secured in passages where the strings were alone, from the fine sonority of their tone. The wood-wind also was extremely good, while the bass, not so mellow as I have heard it in fine orchestras, yet had a brilliance of tone that I like to hear. Brass is brass and should not sound like wood. Where the brass tone is so mellow as to resemble that of wood-wind, contrasts are lost as well as some stirring effects. There can be no doubt as to the thorough rehearsal of Mr. Thomas' programme. Absolute unity of action, and almost the same of intonation added much to the pleasure of the evening. The *ensemble* of the band was fine and at times grand. The ten first violins, supported by twenty-five other string instruments, for once gave us a well balanced orchestra.

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The finer effects of delicate work, such as parts of the Waldweben, were not as elegantly done as might have been looked for, the strings in this respect not being equal to the wood-wind. Yet there were some delightfully inspiring crescendos and some beautifully graduated diminuendos. The opening number was Massenet's Phedre, whose massive and solid character surprised many who were accustomed to see only lightness, grace and elegance in the works of our Gallic friends. The overture is a fine, richly scored piece, though gloomy and tragic in feeling. I was disappointed that the programme did not contain a symphony. Symphonic poems and symphonic variations are beautiful and interesting perhaps, but when such an instrument as Thomas' Orchestra visits a city like Toronto where such treats are rare, it seems a sinful waste of opportunity not to have a complete symphony played. Of course these orchestras, when they go out on tour, work up a programme which answers for all the places they visit, slight variations being made when necessary, thus, Tschaikowsky's Casse-Noisette Ballet was taken off the programme in Toronto because Seidl had recently played it here.

Dvorak's symphonic variations were very interesting and afford constant though kaleidoscopic work for the individual players. The work is so intricate that a second hearing would enable one to give a more reliable judgment upon it. As it was, it failed to arouse in me the glow brought out by some of the older works of the nature. The Waldweben from Wagner's Siegfried was well played, but without the spirituality that should characterize it. The finer effects were not brought out. A novelty on the programme was a pair of selections from Moszkowski's Boabdil—the Malagasna and a Moorish Fantasia. The former of these was very bright and pretty, but the latter struck me as being very commonplace and vulgar. The Moorish effect consisted almost altogether of a reiteration of three notes, against which some pretty melodies were interwoven. The general effect of tone-color did not suggest the Moresque, but rather the circus. Yet with all the discontent as above expressed I have rarely spent a more pleasant and enjoyable evening at a concert. Much of this was due to the pleasure of hearing and seeing a Toronto favorite of a while ago.

•

Mrs. Agnes Thomson had not sung in Toronto for two years, and I question whether she ever had a warmer, truer or more hearty reception than was accorded her on Tuesday evening. Everybody was glad of the visit from one who had always been personally popular here. Mrs. Thomson sang O Grant Me, from Dvorak's Ludmilla, and an air from Gounod's Mirelle. Her style has broadened, while she sings with the care and correctness that have always characterized her singing. Her voice showed slight signs of fatigue, but retains all the purity and sweetness that graced it of old. Mrs. Thomson was strenuously recalled, but only bowed her acknowledgments after the first air, and responded after her second number by singing a pretty spring song. A pleasing incident occurred at this point, when Mr. George Musson, president of the Toronto Vocal, presented Mrs. Thomson in a few well chosen words in the name of the society, with a beautiful basket of roses in recognition of her popularity in the society as both chorister and soloist. The pianist of the party, Signor Ferraccio Busoni, is an artist of undoubted ability. He gave a grand reading of Liszt's second concerto. He has abundant technique and a fine round touch. His interpretation is at times bizarre, as for instance in a Chopin nocturne, which he very much exaggerated. The Paganini Liszt Campanella, too, lost its principal point by being played rather slowly. Still, Signor Busoni won his welcome.

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The Canadian Society of Musicians has been in convention during the week and will be noticed here next week.

•

Mr. Harry M. Field was away with Seidl and won many honors as well as congratulatory press notices. He will shortly play with Seidl at the Lenox Lyceum in New York City.

•

I am glad to welcome Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge back to Toronto as a resident. He is a decided addition to our list of concert talent.

MEPHONOMR.

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The remarkable craze for alphabetical distinctions, which appears to be a feature of musical life in England, has given rise to considerable heated controversy between various degree conferring bodies as to the relative merits of diplomas issued by their respective institutions. Since the foreign enemy, in the shape of our own Trinity University, has honorably and voluntarily withdrawn from the battlefield, a sort of musical civil war has been waged so fiercely between the different factions in the Motherland as to cast suspicion upon the whole degree conferring business as it exists there. The musical "elect," as represented by the London *Musical News*, do not appear, however, to be having it all their own way in the discussion. An unfortunate admission by Dr. Bridge, one of the examiners of the College of Organists, as to the lamentably low standard of work done by the A. C. O. candidates for the F. C. O. degree, has been made the most of by those outside the charmed circle. The whole matter reminds one of the old German fable in which one donkey is represented as calling another "long ears" as a special mark of opprobrium. From all of which it would seem that Trinity University may consider itself fortunate in having honorably withdrawn from the squabble. London *Punch* makes the following sage remarks concerning the matter:

PROOFS BEFORE LETTERS.

Humbugs will always ape their betters,
Fools fancy the alphabet brings them fame;
But you don't become a man of letters
By tacking letters after your name.
One suffix the fact expresses,
And that's an A and a couple of S's!

•

I am pleased to learn of the success of Mrs. George Tate Blackstock in her most recent compositions which have been published in London, England, by several of the leading publishing houses there. A remarkably clean set of waltzes, The Lotus Eaters, published by Messrs. Metzler & Co., has won its way into public favor on its own merits. The bands of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards have played these waltzes with such great success that the publishing house has issued special arrangements for bands and orchestras. A steady demand for them from different parts of England is a flattering tribute to the talented Canadian which should encourage her future efforts. The firm of Enoch & Son have purchased from Mrs. Blackstock her last composition—a very pretty song entitled Far Across the Sea. I have been privileged to see this in manuscript and predict for it a success likewise. The old proverb about the prophet who receives no honor in his own land seems to have an application in Mrs. Blackstock's case. Further evidence of this might be mentioned in the flattering demand in England and the United States for her earlier song Thou Art my Queen, a tuneful and well written ballad which deser res to be heard more frequently in Canada.

•

A ladies' quartette is to be formed in Toronto, composed of Mme. D'Auria, Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, Miss Edith Miller and Mrs. D. E. Cameron. This seems a remarkably strong combination and one which, with sufficient rehearsal to acquire a good *ensemble*, should make its influence felt. The individual voices are excellent and the experience of these ladies in solo and *ensemble* work should guarantee the most satisfactory results as a club.

•

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp announces a pianoforte recital to take place in the new St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Wednesday evening, January 25. Mr. Tripp has prepared an unusually interesting programme for this occasion, including compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt and Moszkowski.

•

The goodly custom which obtains in so many English cities of holding performances of the Messiah at or about Christmas time, should be imitated in Toronto, a city which is otherwise justly proud of its English proclivities. The experiment has been made in years past, I believe, by the Philharmonic Society, but whether from lack of support on the part of the public, or other reasons, the idea has not been continued as a regular occurrence. In Montreal, where one would less expect it, the performance of the Messiah is made an annual event by the Philharmonic Society of that city. This is all the more remarkable since the other work undertaken by that society annually, would more than tax the ability and resources of the average oratorio organization. It seems to me that an annual performance of the Messiah, on a large scale, whether undertaken by a society or as a private or church enterprise, would appeal to a large number of enthusiastic choristers who have sung in the work in the Old Country, and within whom the mention of this grand old composition stirs up emotions similar to those felt by an old warhorse at the sound of a bugle. Very little difficulty should be experienced under these circumstances, in securing a competent chorus for the annual presentation of Handel's masterpiece, and I hope to see it figuring in our oratorio work next season whether undertaken by a society or by an independent chorus.

MODERATO.

### Little Bronze Slippers

*For Saturday Night.*

Little Bronze Slippers, pride of the ball,
Little Bronze Slippers, queen of them all,
Light as the snowflakes gracefully fall,
Little Bronze Slippers dance in the hall.

There, where the mistletoe swings to and fro,
Little Bronze Slippers swiftly you go,
Dancing so carelessly t'wards weal or woe,
Little Bronze Slippers both you shall know.

Little Bronze Slippers, little gold head,
Cheeks like the berries flush white and red,
So joy with sorrow soon will be wed,
Little Bronze Slippers knoweth no dread.

Little Bronze Slippers out of a drawer,
Sweet with the perfume of lavender flower,
Shine in the firelight's sparkling shower,
All that remaineth of one gladsome hour.

EDITH CARTER

### Christmas in a Garret

Times have been hard, money scarce and food not plentiful. I did the best I could—and that was small indeed. The old folks at home supposed I was coining ducats hand over fist—but, alas! they did not know I was starving in a garret, trying to make the great world believe that I was funny at so much a pun, and at so much a thud or the plunk of a tear, soaring at so much a flap. It was a mistake that they hugged, and they knew nothing of the wolf that gnawed at my door. They didn't know that all my fun had oozed to verses on a new and patent washing machine; they failed to realize that all my sad vereseful muse had elapsed to a fine specimen of scouring soap; alas! they grasped not that all my soaring ambition had been usurped by the deep and basilisk hunger that attends the man who has failed to soar. It was Christmas eve. I was very hungry. I brought up all the old memories of home and all the good things there. I saw the beautiful Christmas tree hung heavy with rich, rare and costly gifts. I saw all the good home folks gathered about the tree, from the aged sire to the toddlers in short clothes. It made my heart warm, but it failed to cheer me. I was hungry. I looked from my window. I saw the church spires. I saw the lights in the street and the hurrying crowd hastening home, heavy laden with gifts of cheer and goodliness. I still remained hungry. It was growing late. The young ladies in the lower hall were pitching their voices. It was Christmas, and they should sing and be merry. But why was I not merry? Why did I not go out and sing? I couldn't be merry; I couldn't sing. Have I not told you—I was hungry! Can a hungry man sing and be merry?

A step on the stairs. A tap at the door. I open it. The expressman enters, places a box upon the plain table, hands me his book to sign and is gone.

Thank Heaven, I am saved! I burst off the top of the box and—

When I recover my senses a pale hall maid in a mob cap is holding up the camphor bottle to my nose. About the floor are strewn a fine ball of satin, a pair of hand-worked slippers, a home-made necktie, and—not a thing to eat!

Heavens! I was so hungry!!—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Only Waiting.

A boy was passing along Fifth street the other day when a man beckoned him into an alley and whisperingly enquired:

"Boy, do you see anybody in front of the fourth house down that way?"

"Yes," replied the boy, after stepping back to take a look.

"Male or female?"

"It's a woman."

"Anything in her hands?"

"Yes, looks like one of these swamp-elm stakes which comes around bales of hay."

"Which way is she headed?"

"This way."

"How is she looking in the face?"

"Very pale, and her chin seems to be working as if she was chewing gum. Anyone, you know!"

"Great guns! but it's my wife! I should say I did know her! Coming this way?"

"No; she's taken a seat on the steps, and is looking both ways. Waiting for you!"

"You bet she is! Probably been waiting ever since daylight. One more favor, my son. You may be married some day and know how it is yourself. Just stand out where you can see her, and I'll go in over the back fence. After I get into the house I can argue with her. Keep your eyes on her, and if she goes in twinkle to me. You are a good boy and don't say nothing to nobody. First-rate wife, but a little excitable. Here I go, and if she moves you whistle, and whistle like blazes!"

As she didn't move the boy didn't whistle, and he will never know what the climax was.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Polite Stranger.

The mistress of the house had come to the door in response to a message to the effect that a gentleman wished to speak with her a few moments on a matter of business.

"I beg pardon for troubling you, madam," he said, lifting his hat, "but I am the bearer of a letter addressed to you personally."

She opened the note he handed her. It read as follows:

"*Mrs. Rambo:*

"DEAR MADAM,—This will introduce you Mr. Cyrus Barker, a gentleman belonging to one of the oldest and most respectable families of Kentucky. He visits your city on business, the nature of which he will himself explain.

"I am, dear madam, your friend,

"HIRAM SWIGGIN."

"Hiram Swiggin!" said the lady, in some perplexity. "I do not recall the name. Who is he?"

"Mr. Hiram Swiggin," replied the polite stranger, "is a member of one of the oldest and best known families of Virginia, who traces his ancestry clear back through colonial days to the reign of good Queen Elizabeth. Hiram Swiggin is a man I am proud to call my friend. Hiram Swiggin, madam, is a genius. He——"

"But what is the nature of the business——"

"I am coming to that in a moment. Pardon me, but when I get to talking about Hiram Swiggin I am very apt to lose myself. He is a man whose wide range of information, general grasp of current events, fertility of resource and marvelous powers of self-command awaken the admiration of all who know him.

"Hiram Swiggin, madam," continued the caller, opening a small satchel he carried in his hand, "is the inventor and patentee of a little article to which I wish to direct attention a moment. It is called the Ladies' Preceptrix, and is, as you see, a combined hair pin, button hook, glove fastener, hat pin, nail polisher and tweezers, the regular retail price of which is sixty five cents, but which I shall take pleasure in offering to you, on condition that it be regarded as strictly confidential, for the merely nominal sum of fifty——"

At this point she looses the dog.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### Little Guy's Stroke of Policy.

Little Guy had a very pronounced sweet-tooth, and, as a consequence, dearly loved puddings of every description. On the contrary, he did not care for prosaic potatoes and meat. He had, however, been told so often that people at table should save the best things for the last, that it had become a part of his catechism.

One day there appeared on the table a particularly delectable and savory pudding, at sight of which Guy's eyes glistened and his little stomach laughed with delight.

With the far-sightedness which makes the fortune of an office-seeker, he mapped out his plan of attack, and when a plate of nicely prepared potatoes and meat was placed before him he waited in silence. Presently the pudding came on, and then this young financier, who may one day be president and write letters to the cabinet, played his trump card.

Pushing the potatoes away with a little air of resignation, he drew the pudding toward him, saying in a very matter-of-fact tone:

"Those potatoes look so good that I b'lieve I will leave them for the very last thing."

Of course he got the pudding.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Jedge Waxem's Proverbs.

It's mighty hard to wean an offis holder.
Politicks is paradise to some men.
It would be a good thing ef legislaters cood legislate common sence for offishal use.
Purity ov the ballot ain't fer sale.
Farmers kin get better time by hirin' ther law makin' done.
The tairiff has kinder got to be a tarrif on itself.
The licker habbit ain't much wuss than the politicks habbit.
Personal milytons beats personal magnetism fer campaun purposes.
A politishan ain't capable ov judgin' whether his conshepts is clear or not.
Stump speaches won't wash.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Taking No Chances

She—The paper says that the firm you work for is going to give each of its married employees a turkey as a Christmas present. Couldn't you get one if you told Mr. Busyday that we are going to be married two weeks later!

He—I tried that; but the old man said he wasn't speculating in futures.


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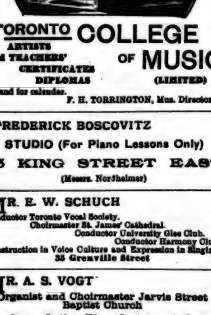

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## Social and Personal.

*Continued from Page Four.*

groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Will Harrison and Mr. A. Cuff, brother of the bride. The bridesmaids were Miss Cuff, sister of the bride, and Miss Harrison, sister of the groom. Bride and bridesmaids looked lovely indeed, the former attired in ashes of roses Henrietta cloth with Irish lace trimmings, pearl necklace and diamond brooch and bracelets, and the usual flowers. The bridesmaids wore fawn-colored Bedford cord trimmed with Irish lace and brown surah; all wore flowers. There were no invitations sent out, none being present but the members of the bride and groom's family, respectively. Notwithstanding which the presents were numerous and very handsome, and were from New York, Hamilton and Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney gave a large dinner party last night.

Mrs. G. Allan Arthurs has issued invitations for a pink and white ball for Wednesday evening, January 11, to be given in St. George's Hall.

Mrs. MacMahon will be At Home to a large number of friends on Saturday, January 7, at 4.30 o'clock.

Under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick a concert will be given in St. George's Hall on the evening of January 5 by Miss McCutcheon, assisted by Miss Kingsmill, Rev. Prof. Clark and Mr. E. W. Schuch.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick and Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick attended the Commercial Travelers' ball last night in Hamilton. A large party of Toronto people went up in special cars for this event, which was more than ordinarily successful.

The great fashionable musical event of the week was the Thomas' orchestra concert, which took place on Tuesday evening. A very fine and stylish audience listened to the charming music and encored Mrs. Agnes Thomson to the echo. Among the many I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier and party, Dr. and Mrs. Hoycke Garratt and Miss Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Goulding, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Macdonnell, the Misses Dallas, Signor and Madame D'Auria, Mrs. and the Misses Wilkes, Mrs. Walker and party, Mrs. Taylor and party, and a host of other people who do not like to miss such a treat of sweet sounds.

Amongst the many who went to the Grand to see Wilson Barrett last week, were: Mrs. and Miss Kirpatrick and party, in the Government House box; Mrs. Hume Blake and party, who occupied a box, as did Mrs. Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol. Amongst others noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. Brock, Major and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. Dard, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. Ponton, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham.

## Stub Ends Of Thought.

Love is the intangible unrest, the quintessence of what should be but is not, the pleasure of pain, the happiness of heartache, the alleged attainment of the unattainable, the folly of feeling, the definition of the undefinable, and about ten thousand million other things we are always seeking and never finding with any degree of certainty.

No bird knows what it sings.

Truth should be tempered by expediency.

Some hearts are useless until they are broken.

The horses can't be successfully hitched tandem to the matrimonial cart.

Cupid seldom shoots his arrow plumb through the centers of two hearts.

Contentment is the pleasant word for decay.

One man cannot make a heaven that will fit any other man.

Hope seems to sit down to rest sometimes.

The prettier a woman is the more she needs something else.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Parkman on Acadia.

Mr. Francis Parkman, in his paper on The Feudal Chiefs of Acadia, in the January *Atlantic*, thus describes La Tour and D'Aunay:

Of La Tour's little kingdom at Cape Sable, with its rocks, fogs, and breakers, its seal-hunted islets and ironbound shores guarded by Fort Lomeron, we have but dim and uncertain glimpses. After the death of Biencourt, La Tour is said to have roamed the woods with eighteen or twenty men, "living a vagabond life, with no exercise of religion." He himself admits that he was forced to live like the Indians, as did Biencourt before him. Better times had come, and he was now commander of Fort Lomeron, or as he called it, Fort La Tour, with a few Frenchmen and a band of Micmac Indians. His next neighbor was the adventurer Nicolas Denys, who, with a view to the timber trade, had settled with twelve men on a small river a few leagues distant. Here Razilly had once made him a visit, and was entertained under a tent of boughs, with a sylvan feast of wild pigeons, brant, teal, woodcock, snipe, and larks, cheered by profuse white wine and claret, and followed by a dessert of wild raspberries.

On the other side of the Acadian peninsula D'Aunay reigned at Port Royal like a feudal lord, which in fact he was. Denys, who did not like him, says that he wanted only to rule, and treated his settlers like slaves; but this, even if true at the time, did not always remain so. D'Aunay went to France in 1641, and brought out, at his own charge, twenty families to people his seigniory. He had already brought out a wife, having espoused Jeanne Molin or Motin, daughter of the Seigneur de Courcelles. What with old settlers and new, about forty families were gathered at Port Royal and on the river Annapolis, and over these D'Aunay ruled like a feudal Robinson Crusoe. He gave each colonist a farm, charged with a perpetual rent of one sou an acre. The houses of the settlers were log cabins, and the manor house of their lord was a larger building of the same kind. The most pressing need was of defence and D'Aunay lost no time in repairing and reconstructing the old fort on the point between Allen's River and the Annapolis. He helped his tenants at their work, and his confessor describes him as returning to his rough manor-house on a wet day, drenched with rain and bespattered with mud, but in perfect good humor, after helping some of the inhabitants to mark out a field. The confessor declares that during the eleven months of his acquaintance with him he never heard him speak ill of anybody, a statement which must probably be taken with allowance. This proud scion of a noble stock seems to have given himself with good grace to the rough labors of the frontiersman, while Father Ignace, the Capuchin friar, praises him for the merit, transcendent in clerical eyes, of constant attendance at mass and frequent confession.

## Gould Changed His Mind.

Jay Gould once made a trip to Mexico to inspect the International and Great Northern Railway. It was in the autumn of 1878, and, as usual, the millionaire was in a hurry. Meeting the gentleman who had the sale of the road in hand, he said;

"I'm a busy man, and I want to be back in New York next week. Rush me through."

A special train was made up and put in charge of Jake Lauer, one of the pioneers in Mexican engineering.

"Rush him" was the order, and Mr. Lauer did some hard thinking. He knew that the roadbed was in a terrible condition, and that to run over twenty miles was taking desperate chances. Lauer had lots of nerve, but he felt the responsibility imposed on him by the officials in placing Gould in his hands. He concluded finally to use his own judgment, take no chances, and stick closely to the schedule time.

Between Marshall and Galveston the schedule called for 325 miles to be made between dark and daylight. Jay Gould did not retire early, and on that night seemed particularly wide awake. He sat reading a newspaper by a dim light, and every once in a while glanced out the window impatiently. It was evident that the great man was becoming angry. Finally the storm burst. Turning to one of the officials accompanying him, he remarked testily:

"If this were a funeral train it couldn't possibly travel in a more decorous manner. Steam up and let us go along."

The gentleman spoken to was aware that the night-ride had been specially arranged in order that the condition of the roadbed could be concealed from Gould, but thus forced he had nothing to do but to order an increase of speed. The order was given, but the train moved along at the same speed.

"Send the engineer to me," said Gould. "I'll talk to him."

At the next stopping-place Lauer was summoned and given to understand that he was not capable of driving a car horse, much less running an engine.

"Get along! Push her! Let's see what the machine can do," urged Gould.

Lauer demurred and the railroad magnate concluded that he was afraid. "He's a coward," he finally said; "put another man in charge."

Lauer overheard the remark and flushed up. "All right," he said, "we'll open her up."

In a few moments the little special was speeding through the night at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. It was a ride to be remembered. The cars rocked from side to side, creaking in every joint, and now and then lifting as if about to leave the track. Everybody clung to some support, those who knew the condition of the roadbed expecting to be hurled into eternity every minute.

Lauer sat the throttle, watching the rails as they gleamed like silver threads. He was as pale as those in the train behind, but, as he remarked in telling the story the other day, "I'd have gone up with pleasure before I would have given that little cuss the chance to say I was a squeaker."

Once he looked back at the swaying train and said: "He won't stand it long."

The engineer was right. At a particularly bad place the bell cord was jerked and the train brought to a standstill. Jay Gould was picked from under a seat, where he had been thrown, and angrily faced the engineer, who had come back to the car.

"What in the name of all that is good and holy, do you mean?" he demanded. "Do you want to kill us all?"

"You said you wanted me to pull her open," replied Lauer quietly.

Gould glared at the man for a moment and his manner changed.

"My man," he said, "you go back there and use your own judgment the rest of the trip. I know how to manipulate a railroad, but I guess you know more than I do about running an engine." Then he was assisted to his berth.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

## Mrs. O'Raherty's Christmas.

"Good mornin', Mrs. O'Raherty. An' how did ye spind yer Christmas?"

"Faith, Mrs. O' Flaherty, an' I did spind it as was becomin' a lady av quality an' a good Christian woman. I did wear me sealskin sackquee to church in the forenoon, an' in the afternoon me an' me ould mon—the colonel, I mane—did begin the celebration in rale ould shtolle."

"I suppose it was a foine toorkey ye had?"

"Toorkey! Indade an' we didn't have no toorkey. To be sure Mary Ann did sind us foive dollars—three dollars for a load av coal an' wan dollar for a prisent to Tammy, an' wan dollar for a toorkey; but d'ye think I'd trow away a dollar on a toorkey! I hain't wan av them koind as do act the hypocrite by celebratin' Christmas, or T'anksgivin' aither, wid a toorkey; but I did take the money an' did spind every last cint av it for the rale celebratin' shtuff, pure ould Irish phwisky; an' ye'd be surprised at the celebratin' we did do. We did t'ank the Lord an' rade an' sing Christmas hymn songs; an' I did aven dance the Irish jig for the ould mon—the colonel—for ye know he's very fond av seein' me dance the jig. I couldn't sing nor dance on toorkey to save me sowl. You see the sayin' is, 'Merry Christmas to ye;' an' how the divil any wan could be merry on toorkey I dunno."—*Kentucky State Journal.*


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## 'Varsity Chat.

WITH a long story I will not weary you this week. The halls are deserted. The province is stirred up with tales of college life, for the student is abroad. Why, then, should I raise the veil from off the work he has carved? I will, however, write something about Mr. Franklyn McLeay of the class of '88. He has achieved success as an actor in Britain, the United States and Canada. His acting in Toronto last week is dealt with in another column. This is a 'Varsity man's sketch, honestly though crudely done.

The lines in his face had grown stronger. This was the chief change I noticed in Mr. Franklyn McLeay after an absence from my sight of five years. A cursory glance revealed this, but beneath those lines lay hidden a strong development not easily discernible by the physical eye. In his nature was wrought the great change. When I first knew him his manner was from the outward inward, now it is from the inward outward; then he practiced some of the arts that please, now he rests on the control which he has over himself. He attracts not by little attentions but by his training and ability. To flatter is but to embarrass him, for though he has made great strides in his profession he is deeply conscious that much remains for him to do before he has reached his ideal. I was one of those who visited Mr. McLeay during the Saturday matinee when he appeared in the Silver King. As I entered the stage entrance door, Mr. Wilson Barrett asked my business and remarked that it was against the rule to admit strangers during the performance. "Ah! yes, but I have come to see Mr. McLeay in his dressing-room." "Well, send in your card and I'll see—Oh, no, do not trouble, go on, he will be there in a minute." The dressing-room. What a name for such a place without comfort of any kind, nothing but dust; dust and dirt everywhere. Mr. McLeay soon appeared and proceeded to retouch his makeup, while I examined a large photograph of him as the Bat, a character in which he has achieved admirable success. While our Canadian actor's success is greeted with satisfaction by hosts, there are those who think he has practically cast away his life on "that which profiteth nought," and they have not failed to send him literature pointing out the error of his own way. Letters also have been received containing references to passages in the scriptures. When Mr. McLeay boarded in McMaster Hall and attended lectures at University College, some were of the opinion that he was to enter the church. His study of the great dramatists, however, impelled him to endeavor to represent on the stage the great characters which they so finely portrayed. In answer to a question regarding the gulf "between the stage and the church," he said: "I wish you to understand that I appreciate the motives of those who send me these tracts (holds up a bunch). They are true to their convictions; but it is nonsense to think that the stage in itself is degrading. I am a better man, broader in my sympathies, of deeper conviction and of stronger character than when I began to study for the stage, but—there is a call: I must go. Will be back in a minute." Theology and the stage were again referred to. The conversation turned upon 'Varsity and her sons; books, plugs, honors, class lists, crises in the Literary, football and all else that springs to memory under the genial sway of the presence of old friends who have trodden the same path looked at anew. The actor was himself again. How marked was the influence of that knot of friends. The kindlier nature of each seemed to shine. Who so narrow as to think that a tract sent coldly through the post could have so powerful an influence as the words that fell from the lips of the young men who tried to seat themselves comfortably on a low trunk in the dressing-room. Under such a spell our old friend was severely tested. His dramatic power was put on its mettle. A sudden change of characters had to be accomplished at each call. He had to pass from the student of years ago, free and untrammeled by art or convention, to the properly costumed actor on the stage before a critical audience. When he would return Mr. McLeay's department appeared to speak for him thus, "I am back with you at college again," and to this one of the number said, "This afternoon is a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde for you. It must be difficult for you to rush off while talking to us and to act your part in the play before the audience." "Yes, but tell me what about Canada? What about the future? Where are the boys who were at college with me? Tell me; I have been buried in my profession away from Canada for a few years." The light that shone in the eyes of each suddenly changed as did the conversation. The play was about at an end. We arose to go. We had not answered all that he asked. As we arose to go I thought I heard as each heart beat the words The future! the future! the future!

ADAM RUFUS.

## Art and Artists.

I SPENT a pleasant afternoon in the studio of Mr. Carl Ahrens, Lone Pine Cottage, Lee avenue. He has just returned from a long visit to New York, where he has been hard at work in the studios of W. Chase and F. E. Elwell, the sculptor; he has also had the privilege of visiting the studio of G. Innes, the landscape painter, and of watching his methods while at work. Mr. Ahrens speaks in the highest terms of the kindness he experienced from the artists with whom he came in contact and their evident desire to show him everything which could be of use to him. The results of his visit are discernible in the pictures he has done since his return; that slight hardness which was apparent in his previous landscape has entirely disappeared and given way to softness, feeling and a sense of movement, while he still attains the same remarkable results as a colorist which have always been a feature of his work. A small picture, The Gloaming, is a strik ng illustration of this. It depicts a cottage standing in an orchard, in the foreground a figure is seen going towards the cottage. The whole is just lit up by the afterglow. It is good in tone, the lights and shades are distinct, the idea of vibration and movement is clearly conveyed. Next to this hung a bright, breezy little autumn sketch, Orchard on the Hill, full of life, light and air, a good example of the artist's powers as a colorist. A very weird effect has been obtained in November Moon, in which the blurred, misty appearance of trees dimly lit up by a moon just then in a clouded sky, is well shown. I saw several other small pictures all bearing a distinct impress of the artist's individuality.

Mr. John A. Fraser, at present in New York, intends to return to Toronto next summer and form a summer sketch club. He scored a double success in the Salon this year with two water color pictures which were both hung on the line.

The Toronto Art League have branch leagues in Chicago, Philadelphia and New York, the members of the latter club being: Messrs. D. A. McKellar, W. Bengough, G. Graham, C. W. Jeffreys, D. F. Thompson, J. Jephcott, Bland and Coleman. They meet the same evenings of the week as the mother club here, and their League address is 303 West 18th street, New York.

Mrs. Reid has a picture in the New York Academy hung on the line, entitled October Sunshine.

Mr. Reid has one picture at the same exhibition, On the Hearth, and another on the walls of the Philadelphia Art Club, The Hod Carrier.

There is a splendid exhibition of foreign art works at the gallery of Bain Bros., King street east. Feeding the Baby, The Guard Room, and Horses Ploughing have already been sold. This is the best selection of European works we have seen in a long time. They are all small pictures but well chosen.

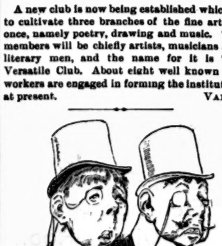
Mr. Blake, on the occasion of presenting, on behalf of the Liberal party of Canada, the painting of the G. O. M., by Mr. Forbes, to the National Liberal Club, London, remarked that Mr. Gladstone's name and fame extended far beyond these isles, far beyond the great English-speaking Republic, even to the ends of the earth. His name was known and revered wherever there had been an oppressed people to be freed, an ancient wrong to be redressed, a political evil to be remedied, or a public good to be accomplished. He is the foremost of the English race, the first of men. He said, Canadians sympathised with the attitude and movement of Mr. Gladstone from the time he undertook the solution of the Irish problem. They sympathized with his glorious aim of redressing wrong, of restoring peace, and of substituting for shame, weakness and discord, honor, strength and unity, and that no man had so triumphantly stood the test and had been received and marked by such general acclaim amongst the Liberal leaders as Mr. Gladstone. At the conclusion of his speech he requested the National Club to accept the admirable portrait of the G. O. M., which he was deputed to present in the name of the Liberals of Canada. The London *Sun* in describing the portrait says, that "Mr. Gladstone is represented addressing an audience, dressed in a light gray suit, the low tones of which are capitally relieved by the white waistcoat, the loosely falling rosebud in his buttonhole, and the familiar favorite blue and white spotted neck-tie, so well known to all. The face is full front, looking straight out of the canvas at the spectator, and the splendid outline of the massive head, with its snow-white, rather scanty locks, is tellingly thrown out against the sombre background. The interest of the picture naturally centers in the face, and it is here that Mr. Colin Forbes has certainly secured a success. The modeling of the head is very fine, the keen, penetrating, yet kindly eyes, the nervous force of the lines about the mouth, the excellent and absolutely life-like texture and coloring of the flesh tones. It is Mr. Gladstone himself, as we have so often seen him, the Grand Old Man Eloquent, worked up to enthusiasm, vigorous, young, impetuous, with all the full tide of his marvelous rhetoric ready to spring from his lips. If Sir John Millais's portrait of the great Liberal leader is the most poetic presentment of him, Mr. Colin Forbes's is certainly the most forcible and vigorous." Mr. Forbes is now busy upon a replica of the portrait for Canada.

Mr. O'Brien has a collection of thirty-seven beautiful water colors at Matthews Bros. The Great Peak, Selkirks, A Mood of Nature, Autumn Foliage being probably the best.

Mr. S. Jones gave his lecture on Tom Hood at the O. S. A., Tuesday evening of last week, before an appreciative though small audience. Among the poems given by the lecturer were The Song of the Shirt, The Bridge of Sighs, and Eugene Aram's Dream. The preludes to each were interwoven with wit, humor and pathos, and interlined with vivacious sallies and sedate conversation, blending into one harmonious whole, the airy, gay and serious.

A new club is now being established which is to cultivate three branches of the fine arts at once, namely poetry, drawing and music. The members will be chiefly artists, musicians and literary men, and the name for it is The Versatile Club. About eight well known art workers are engaged in forming the institution at present.

VAN.



Two souls without a single thought.—*Judge.*

## Henderson's Retriever.

A little party of us had gathered together in a cosy corner of the club and were telling fish stories. Hemmingway, who is a sportsman to the tips of his fingers, had been sitting by the window, smoking, and saying but little.

After the usual number of "big bass" stories had gone around, somebody brought up the subject of illegal fishing with nets and giant powder, which practices were most severely denounced, and vigorous measures proposed for offenders.

During a moment of lull I happened to glance at Hemmingway, and noticed that he was smiling quietly as he puffed away at his big cigar.

"Well, what is it, old fellow?" I asked; "give us all the benefit."

Whereupon Mr. Hemmingway told us this story:

He knew of a party of "tenderfeet" once, he said, who were going down in "the Nation," on Spring River, for a week's hunt and fish. They were provided with various sporting utensils, including a ninety-foot seine and a quantity of giant powder; also a very beautiful retriever dog named Mascot, the property of one Henderson, a good-natured fellow who long afterwards told Hemmingway the story.

The weather was very fine when they set out, and the party were in high feather. A number of large fishing and hunting stories were told as they went along, and through it all Henderson boasted constantly of his dog Mascot, and from time to time threw broken sticks as far as he could out of the wagon, all of which Mascot promptly retrieved and brought to his master with much tail-wagging and dancing.

Each of these performances called forth new praises from Henderson, and before the river was reached Mascot had been much petted, and was allowed to ride in the wagon so as to be fresh later on.

Arrived at their destination, a camp was chosen and tents hastily pitched, after which they concluded to try some fishing with giant powder.

Henderson, who seemed to be about the only one of the crowd with any practical knowledge, took the lead, and taking a stick of the powder, lighted the fuse and threw it far out into the river, where it landed on a little bunch of lodged brushwood.

This caused some anxiety among the others, and most of them started to seek safety behind trees, while Henderson remained for a moment intently watching the stick of powder with its burning fuse. Suddenly he became dimly conscious that a dark object was swimming across the current in front of him, and a moment later a shaggy form lifted itself partly out of the water, and seizing the deadly missile, plunged back into the river, swimming straight for Henderson.

"Great heaven!" he shouted. "It's Mascot, and he's coming with that stick of powder!"

A moment later he was sailing along the river bank where it was comparatively clear and the running good, while Mascot, having reached the bank and convinced that his master was in for a romp, was following at full speed and gaining rapidly. The other boys were now watching the race, and shouting frantically to Henderson to increase his speed or he would surely be overtaken.

Henderson, meantime, found himself all at once confronted by the water and bore to the left—flying like mad. He noticed that the river continued to bend, and the truth flashed upon him, causing him to turn cold, while his heart dropped like lead. The stream at this point formed a big horseshoe, and he was caught in the loop!

Realizing this, Henderson plunged, without a moment's hesitation, into the water and swam frantically for the other shore. Mascot followed suit a second or two later, and the man and dog were both in the current with not more than fifty feet of water between them—the distance becoming painfully less each second. The others had followed, and at a safe distance were breathlessly awaiting the end.

As Henderson gained the opposite bank and was scrambling out of the water, he suddenly gave a wild howl of despair, for he felt Mascot's paw on his shoulders and the shaggy wet hide of his favorite against his neck and hands. An instant later there was a terrific explosion that jarred the earth and threw him half stunned upon his face, covering him with mud and water. When he staggered to his feet a number of the boys were swimming across to him and poor Mascot was skulking among the trees some yards away, frightened and trembling. In the excitement he had by great good luck relieved himself of the stick of powder several feet from the shore.

There was no serious damage, but the accident broke up the party. A few dead fish were floating about which they did not even stop to gather, but pulled up stakes in silence—a performance at which Henderson was too much prostrated to assist—and drove solemnly home.

The recent narrow escape had savored altogether too much of a warning to be lightly disregarded. Illegal fishing had all at once become, if not really sinful, at least exceeding unpopular.—*Albert Bigelow Paine in Detroit Free Press.*

## He Was Suspicious.

"Even a statesman is picked up sometimes," remarked the Congressman to a crowd of listeners. "On one occasion I was going over my district to get posted, and in my rambles I ran across an old fellow away up on the head waters of a creek. He was hoeing corn in a field near the road, and I stopped to talk with him.

"'Mornin',' he responded, but never stopped his hoeing.

"'Right nice looking field,' I remarked.

"'Might be wurs,' he replied, still hoeing.

"'Excuse me,' I ventured, 'but I'm the member of Congress from this district.'

"'Air you?' he asked, still hoeing. 'I voted fer you.'

"'I'm much obliged, I'm sure,' I said. 'I'm up here now taking a look over the country.'

"'Well, I hain't no objection,' he said, still hoeing, 'of you don't take nothin' else,' and he looked at me so suspiciously that I bade him good day and rode on."

## Moral—Keep Away from Shows

She—John, your brother was just in here, awfully drunk, and threw three base-balls at the babies.

He—Guess he was trying to get three cigars.—*Judge.*

## A Dream of Wealth.

"I'd like to be rich," said Tommy.

"How rich?" asked his sister.

"Oh," replied the young man, after some thought, "rich enough to wear my Sunday clothes every day."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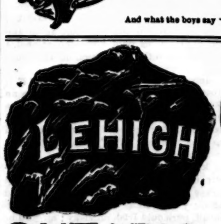


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## The Old Man of Number Two

MRS. CHIRP, the landlady, knocked at the door of Number 2, first floor. No answer. Repeating the operation with an additional and emphasized knock, and concluding, doubtless, that muteness was a synonym for "come in," she turned the chipped brown knob and peeped in.

Mr. Humphrey, the occupant of No. 2, was sitting before a small coal fire in a grate much too large for it. The old gentleman himself looked dwarfed and out of proportion to the old-fashioned rocking-chair, whose antique high back rose in rigid stateliness above the little head, where the thin wisps of white hair had been drawn carefully across.

The landlady scanned the old man with a look of affectionate curiosity that was fused with the glint of matronly sympathy. Mr. Humphrey's hands were clasped beneath his chin. His eyes were very wide open, staring at the coals with that expression that typifies a memory of past events—a catalogue of resuscitated recollections of joys and ills, and things of days gone forever. It was rather a sad face, somewhat wistful and dependent, but yet with a certain sternness that seemed like the remnant of a once autocratic ruling spirit, not yet quite subjugated by the buffets of fortune.

Mrs. Chirp advanced with a diffident, halting step that was a mute apology for her encroachment on the old man's solitude.

"If you please, sir," she said, "Mrs. Brown in No. 5 would like to know if you'd take a little Christmas dinner with them at one o'clock, sir." The landlady gazed with a pleasurable expectancy at the old gentleman for the amiable results of her announcement.

Mr. Humphrey turned his eyes slowly from the fire, and fixed them half-vacantly on the florid countenance of the landlady, but without changing his position, using his knuckles as a sort of pivot for his chin. Mrs. Chirp, one of those active persons who must always be doing something, poked the fire, and the action roused the old man.

"To dinner—to-day!" echoed Mr. Humphrey slowly, as the landlady repeated her sentence, and his thin voice seemed to express a dull surprise. "Is to-day Christmas?"

"Christmas Day it is, sir, and I wish you a merry one," exclaimed Mrs. Chirp jovially. "And it's a beautiful day, too, sir. The sky's most all blue, the sleigh bells is jinglin', and the sun's a-shinin' that bright that—that—" Mrs. Chirp posed in a meditative way for want of an appropriate simile—"that it thawed the oodiring heart of the turkey out; and the turkey, too!"

"You'll go, sir?" she continued, as the old gentleman ventured no remark, but seemed on the point of relapsing into a second chapter of his former reverie. "I do hope you will, sir. Mrs. Brown 'll be that disappointed; and as to that boy——"

Mr. Humphrey returned to life instantly. "Yes, yes, the boy," he piped feverishly. "But I've nothing to wear."

"I'm sure, sir, you don't need to stand on no ceremony," began the landlady obligingly.

"Let me see—let me see," mused Mr. Humphrey. "I think there's a black coat in my trunk." He rose as if stimulated with a novel interest, and produced the coat from the old brown trunk, and held it critically to the light for inspection.

"Dear me, sir, you'll do splendid in it!" exclaimed the garrulous Mrs. Chirp. "You don't want nothing finer, I'm sure." Mrs. Chirp was always pleased with everything. "I'll give it a bit of a pressing and brushing, an' it'll look like new."

Mrs. Humphrey regarded the article in question with a gleam of affection backed by a gleam of reflection. His attitude had the sad reflectiveness of that of Napoleon, with just a shade of its aristocracy.

"It's an old coat, Mrs. Chirp," he said with a sigh. "A very—old—coat."

"How old did you say, sir?" said the landlady, with an anxiously interested air.

"It must be twenty years. Twenty years! Heigho! What changes have happened—rough and smooth roads the big wheel of time has rolled over, in twenty years."

Mrs. Chirp folded her hands and forgot her cuisine in her contemplation of the old gentleman's retrospect.

"I fancy it's a—a little large for me now," said the old man in quicker tones, and returning to the more material world. "I was stouter then—not better fed," he added, with quick gallantry.

"It'll fit just beautiful, sir," replied Mrs. Chirp, blushing at the compliment to her prowess as a victualer, as she put the coat on her arm.

Mr. Humphrey relapsed into his tristful mood as he resumed his seat in the dignified chair. The landlady retraced her steps from the door with a verbal postscript.

"She's quite a lady, sir," she said confidentially. "And she's had some trouble. She was telliin' me about her marriage, Mr. Humphrey, and it is just like Anthony and Cleopatra in the play, sir."

"Anthony and Cleopatra!" repeated the little man in a puzzled way, and rolling his eyes slowly from the coals, as if endeavoring to find through his memory of those historic characters any analogy between them and his pale-faced, sweet-eyed acquaintance of the second floor.

"Yes, sir," returned the landlady, smiling with honest pride at her erudition. "You remember, sir, their parents was most unwilling that they should get married; but they did, in spite of the old folks. I forget their name."

"You mean the Capulets," said Mr. Humphrey, "and Romeo and Juliet. Did Mrs. Brown marry against her parents' wishes?" he added sharply.

"Yes, sir, and so did he."

"Who?"

"Her husband, sir—Mr. Brown."

Mr. Humphrey started painfully, and Mrs. Chirp saw that his face had grown suddenly paler than usual. He walked nervously up and down, twining his thin fingers in and out, his mouth twitching.

Mrs. Chirp had started, shocked at the change in the old gentleman; but she said pleadingly, with her hand on the door knob:

"Poor soul! Don't think too hard of her, sir. It——"

"Where's her husband?" cried the old man.

"He's away, sir—he's coming home, Mr. Humphrey—he's—he's in Africa, sir—gracious, goodness! What's the matter!"

For the little white-haired gentleman had thrown himself into a large chair and put his face in his hands. Mrs. Chirp stood in consternation.

"Nothing nothing," he said suddenly, his lip set as if he was angry at the emotion he had shown. "You may give my compliments to Mrs. Brown and tell her—I shall be to dinner."

"Yes, sir," responded Mrs. Chirp with alacrity. She had suddenly remembered her superintendent's duties in the kitchen. "I'll do the coat sir," and she hurried from the room.

Mr. Humphrey paced his quarters, his mind filled with many thoughts. Old memories, that he tried to obliterate, rushed with all their sweetness and pain through his soul; of his wife, dead twelve long years ago; of his once splendid home, and of the pride of it, and his hope—his son!

The old man's face flushed when he thought of his son, and he trembled so that he sought the grenadier-like support of the tall-backed chair. And then, with all the vividness of remorse he remembered his quarrel with his boy, his angry words, his curse, and the failures on failures that followed; the bankruptcy, his wife's death, his isolation from old friends and familiar scenes, that all seemed like separate burning lashes at the whipping-post of fate.

The miniature archway that the coals had formed gave way and fell with a mimic crash to the pan. The noise startled the old man, and he saw that it was close on his appointed dinner hour.

Mrs. Chirp had returned silently and placed the coat on a chair, near the door. He tried the coat on. It was far too large for him in the body, and he smiled cynically as he surveyed himself in the narrow mirror.

He thought of a present for the "boy," when his toilet was complete. He thought carefully, and then recalled something he had in the old trunk. He turned his feverish attention to this repository and laid its contents on the bed as he removed them.

At last he took something to the light and looked at it tenderly. It was, perhaps, one of the rare material links that bound him to his once opulent life. It was a beautiful scarfpin, formed of a ruby girt with diamonds, a marvel of combined richness and taste. The old gentleman placed it in his pocket and climbed the stairs.

The "boy" had been looking for him from the landing, and he met the old gentleman and took his hand, and led him to his mother in a little room where a table was laid for three.

A pale, large-eyed and sweet-faced lady was Boy's mother. She rose from where she had been looking wistfully out at the street.

"I am glad you have come, sir," she said softly. "Arthur and I would have been disappointed if you had not."

"I'll run down and tell Mrs. Chirp we're ready," said Boy.

"It was very kind of you to think of me," said the little man, as he sat by the window. "But I'm afraid I shall not prove a very merry guest. Loneliness and solitude won't make a very genial companion of an old man."

Boy's mother sighed. She looked up and caught the old man's eye. Something there stirred her heartstrings, and echoed an old, sad, sweet air of some song, whose burden was sympathy.

The old man's face flushed, his lips trembled.

"Madam," he began.

"Oh, Mr. Humphrey!" cried Boy's mother, and paused, too.

"We are both lonely," said Mr. Humphrey gently. "You want your husband and I want—my son—who is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, to me," said the little man bitterly. "I sent him away with a curse from my house because he would not marry the woman I wished."

"Sir——" gasped Boy's mother.

"I have never seen him since," went on the old man hoarsely. "Oh, my boy, Arthur!" He put his face in his hands.

Mrs. Brown's pale face flushed. Her eyes shone tenderly and she leaned forward and touched the old man's arm.

"There is an affinity between us," she said gently. "My husband's name is Arthur, too."

A moment of silence and then the old man looked up at Boy's mother's sweet face, saddened by long and patient waiting, and his cheeks were ashy pale. He got up and would have hurried from the room, but Boy's mother was on her feet and held his arm.

"Don't touch me," he said in a voice half harsh and querulous. "I'm a criminal. I have wronged you."

Still Boy's mother did not understand. Mrs. Chirp suddenly appeared at the door in a high state of perturbation.

"The dinner's ready, Mrs. Brown!" she exclaimed. "But there's a visitor! A stout gentleman with a beard that's huggin' your son downstairs!"

There was a cry from Boy's mother. Old Mr. Humphrey started from the room.

"Here they come up the stairs!" cries the overwrought landlady.

The little man of No. 2 met a stout, brown-skinned man on the stairs who was holding Boy by the hand.

"You're not going, Mr. Humphrey!" cried Boy. "Not a bit of it!" and he caught the sleeve of the resuscitated and renovated coat and dragged its owner with all his youthful energy back to the landing.

The stout, brown-skinned gentleman saw a pale-faced little woman who was coming toward him with faltering step and heaving bosom, and who stopped and stared at him with big eyes.

"Annie!" he said, and held out his arms.

There was a shrill, glad cry such as only a woman can give when her heartstrings are loosed, that was heard by Mrs. Chirp's freckled domestic in the furthermost recesses of the kitchen.

"Arthur! my God! my husband!" cried Boy's mother, and then the big man's arms were round her and she was sobbing on his shoulder.

The little man of No. 2 had quite exhausted himself in his efforts to release himself from Boy's hold; and he now leaned, panting, his head bent, against the balustrade.

"This is Mr. Humphrey, papa!" cried Boy. "Mr. Humphrey that I wrote to you about. Please speak to him. And look! only see the splendid pin he gave me!"

Boy's father started, stared—started forward again and caught his breath. The old man looked up and his eyes were haggard.

"Father!" cried the other.

"No! no!" said the old man hoarsely, "I——"

"Father, I have forgotten!"

"I wronged her," went on the old man. "Let me go." Boy was standing by, dazed, open-mouthed.

"And I will forget, too," said a sweet voice, and a soft arm went round the old man's neck.

. . . . . .

It was a very happy and merry quartette that sat down to Mrs. Chirp's little dinner that Christmas Day; and not less proud and happy and smiling was the good florid landlady herself.

"But, Lor'!" said Mrs. Chirp's domestic, as her round face endeavored to assume a tragic expression, "I shouldn't want no furrin' 'usbands a-comin' 'ome every day in the week. Wy, that shriek'll be a-ringin' in my ears to my dyin' day!"—*C. Gordon Rogers, in Detroit Free Press.*

## Mrs. Jones' Burglar.

"The papers say that burglars are thicker than blackberries in harvest time," said Mr. Jones, looking up from his newspaper with a troubled air.

"All I've got to say," remarked Mrs. Jones, "is, don't be out late at night. You know, Jeptha, they'll get you if you don't watch out."

"Think you're elocuting, don't you, Maria!" snapped Mr. Jones; "they'd be more likely to get you. Don't call on me for help when a man with a mask on holds a pistol to your head, and asks you where you keep the silver."

"Don't talk so," remonstrated Mrs. Jones. "I'll keep the dog in, and fasten every door myself to-night."

Sure enough, Mrs. Jones had the house double-locked, and with the dog where he could range through the house at his own sweet will, retired with a calm sense of rest and protection.

But in the night, not hearing the sound of the dog's pit-a-pats, Mr. Jones concluded to slip into his clothes and go downstairs and see if everything was all right.

It was, and the dog asleep on the parlor sofa merely opened one eye in recognition and then dropped off to sleep again.

Mr. Jones found to his secret satisfaction that Maria had forgotten the most essential thing, and left the key in the door of the silver closet. He thought he would just peep in before locking it and taking the key.

At this moment Mrs. Jones awoke, and was conscious of something going on downstairs.

"It's only the dog," she said to herself. "I won't wake Jeptha and get laughed at for my pains," and lighting a small night lamp, she went half-way down and saw a man in the silver closet.

"Ha!" she said to herself, "I have thee, villain," and like a spirit she glided across the floor, banged the door of the china closet, locked it firmly, and gave a yell that was heard for three blocks. In vain Jones kicked and screamed, "Lemme out, Maria, it's me, your own husband."

Mrs. Jones screeched three octaves higher, the dog barked hysterically and the parrot called out, "Let her go, Gallagher, you're a rascal," with all the sweet words in its vocabulary, to which was added the crashing of falling dishes, as Jones plunged madly in his two-by-four china retreat.

As the neighbors arrived with a platoon of police, Mrs. Jones began to wonder if Jones were murdered up stairs, where they sought him and found him not, and great was their surprise, until the police, who had captured and overpowered the wretched man in the china closet, recognized in him the unhappy master of the house.

There is nothing more to be said. Even the parrot hasn't spoken a word since, and whether Mr. and Mrs. Jones will ever be on speaking terms again remains to be seen.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Uncertain.

"Which ball do you mean to pocket?" enquired Jones of his country friend, who had challenged him to a game of pool.

"How in thunder can I tell," was the answer, "until after I shoot!"


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## The Peddler's Peril

THE sun sank behind the western mountain peaks and the short twilight of southern latitudes came on apace. After a time the man of the house came in. He was tall and thin. Two ferret-like eyes gleamed sharply upon the peddler from amid a shaggy tangle of white hair and beard.

He placed his long rifle in a rack over the door, unslung his shot pouch, and then seated himself and gazed gloomily into the fire, without vouchsafing either a greeting to the stranger or a word to his own family. Nan, passing by, whispered to the peddler:

"Don't ye mind uncle; he's got one of his bad spells on now, but if he ain't bothered it'll pass off by and by."

The peddler nodded and began a tale concerning one of his adventures in Texas. He was soon interrupted by Aunt Viney.

"Sit up, stranger," said she. "We hain't got much to eat, but such as it is you're welcome."

The old man ate his supper in solemn silence, after which he took his hat and abruptly left the cabin. Aunt Viney saw fit to explain.

"Mose, my old man, hain't been exactly like hiself since the revenue men carried his son John off five years ago last April."

"Stillin', I s'pose?"

"Yes; 'nd top of that he shot one of 'em while they was tryin' to take him, 'nd they put him in pen'tensh'ry at Nashville for ten years."

The peddler remained silent for a moment or two. But when the dishes were washed and put away he again entertained the two women by relating sundry reminiscences of his own career, and also describing the wonders of certain great cities he had visited.

After a while Mose again stalked silently in and took a seat in a far corner. While the peddler talked he continued to eye him closely, as if suspicious that the stranger was not just what he should be.

"Speakin' of the telephone," continued the peddler, "some folks in these mountains don't believe that people can talk to each other, 'nd them a hundred or more miles apart, but I tell ye it's a fact. I've seed it done myself."

"I've knowed of men hollerin' across from one mountain to another," said Aunt Viney dubiously. "Mebbe they could make themselves heard a matter of two miles. But a hundred——" She shook her head disapprovingly.

"It's so all the same, though. I've sot 'nd heard 'em talkin' jus' as we be now."

"That's as big a lie as ever was told," exclaimed old Mose, rising and making for the door.

He seized his rifle as he passed, threw a menacing glance at the peddler, and once more left the cabin.

"Old man's a little touched in the head, ain't he?" asked the peddler, who seemed to take no offence whatever at the old man's rude behavior.

"Ever since John was took off he's had queer spells that come over him now and then. I must say he's mor'n apt to be 'splahus of strangers when they come round. He's always thinkin' of revenoo spies. I dessay that's what makes him act so toward you. But you musn't mind him. I never know'd him to succeed in hurtin' anyone yet."

It was Nan who replied, for Aunt Viney was making preparations to retire for the night. When the girl and peddler were left alone the latter seemed somewhat curious about his son John, who for so many years had been under the ban of the law.

"John was always good to Uncle Mose and Aunt Viney, 'nd that's one reason Uncle Mose takes it all so hard now."

"I s'pose, bein' as you're kin to 'em, you must 'a' felt powerful sad when they took him off?"

He eyed Nan closely as he spoke, and the girl blushed slightly.

"I ain't no real kin to 'em," said she. "My folks is all dead, 'nd they raised me from a little girl; but John 'nd me was always good friends."

"Nothin' more?"

The girl looked at him reprovingly.

"It's about bed time," said she coldly. "Sha'n't I show you where you're to sleep?"

The peddler rose, took up his pack, and followed her into the little shed room. There was an open window by the bed, through which the full moon was shining.

"You won't need no light, I reckon," she remarked. Then, bidding him good night, she returned to the main cabin and went to bed herself.

But for some reason she failed to sleep. The bright moonlight, the rasping cry of katydids from the trees without, and the discomforting nature of her thoughts kept her awake. She felt vaguely uneasy about Uncle Mose. Where was he? Very likely at the little moonshine still up Bear Hollow, half a mile away. He often spent the night there engaged in his illicit toil. She remembered his unfriendly treatment of the peddler, whose heavy breathing could now be heard through the thin partition wall. He had once laid in wait, rifle in hand, for a passing drover, whom he had set down as a spy. Only Aunt Viney's prompt appearance had prevented a probable murder. Uncle Mose, though a good man enough when in his right mind, was a dangerous, uncertain personage when stirred by the memory of his son into a spirit of half-insane hostility against all the world.

So uneasy did Nan become that at last she rose, slipped on her dress, and stole out in the moonlight. An impulse she could not control impelled her to peep in at the peddler's open window. She was prompted by an indefinable fear. What she saw there caused her to start back, clasp her hands, and gasp for breath. Then, trembling in every limb, she looked again.

"My God!" she faltered. "Am I dreamin'? Surely it can't be—'nd yet I must believe my own eyes."

Acting under a new impulse she turned and fled along the trail leading to the still. Arrived there she found the place silent and deserted. There was no fire in the furnace, and nothing to be heard but the cries of the whippoorwills on the mountain side.

Full of painful forebodings, she retraced her steps and once more crouched beneath the peddler's window. There she waited until her limbs became cramped and the night air chilled her to the bone.

"I might as well lie down again," she thought. "I reckon uncle's gone down the valley, for he 'lowed to-day as he'd have to go right away. I could wake the man up, but I dassn't. He might think I was forward."

But a second trial of the bed was no better than the first. The peddler's heavy breathing was ever in her ears and her thoughts reverted constantly to the sense of peril that vaguely yet persistently kept her upon the tenterhooks of anxiety.

"I wish mornin' would come," she said, for the hundredth time. "Lord, what a meetin' there'll be then!"

. . . . . .

The sound of a stealthy footfall upon the gravel without brought her to a sitting posture at once. Her heart beat loudly as she listened breathlessly. Yes, it was moving around the house. Now she heard it no more. Could she have imagined it all? No; there is was again, in the back porch.

Then—then—she heard a gentle creaking sound. Ah! The shed room door! She sprang out of bed, and a hasty bound brought her to the door leading into the back porch. She wrenched it open just in time to catch a glimpse of a tall shadow that disappeared within the shed-room.

"O God Lord, help me!" she faintly ejaculated, as she sprang forward, nerved to desperation by this dreadful fulfillment of her fears.

She entered the room. There lay the peddler, slumbering heavily in the white glow of the moonlight. His face was strangely altered, for the heavy beard had fallen off, leaving exposed a clean-shaven, youthful face. But the white-bearded old man, bending over the prostrate form with uplifted knife, saw nothing distinctly. To his morbid imaginings only the form of a hated spy lay helpless before him; a spy in the service of the detested "revenoos," who had robbed him of his only and well beloved son.

"Uncle!" screamed Nan, dragging him back.

"Uncle! You shall not. Can't you see? It's John—our John—your John!"

. . . . . .

The peddler woke and stared upward in a bewildered way. The knife fell to the floor as Mose, his eyes almost starting from his head, stared at his son's white face. Suddenly he comprehended, and the effect descended upon him like a thunderbolt.

Uttering a low, quivering cry he sank to his knees by the bedside and his head fell forward. Nan's and John's eyes met in a mutually recognizing glance, then they turned their attention to the old man. As they laid him upon the bed Aunt Viney, awakened by the noise, came in. She fell back as though confronted by a ghost.

"John!" she exclaimed. "Yet it can't surely be!"

"Yes, it is, mother. I didn't know how you'd all take my bein' so long in the pen; so when the governor pardoned me out I 'lowed I'd come home as a peddler 'nd in disguise till I found out if you all cared for me any more."

While John was speaking Mose opened his eyes and tears blinded them as he gazed.

"My son, my son!" he murmured brokenly. "And I might have killed him! My mind's made up. There'll be no more 'stillin' done in Bear Holler after this."

"Do you reckon Nan cares for me any more, father?" asked John, while his eyes sought those of Nan.

"Of course she do. Hasn't she been grievin herself away ever since you was took? She never looked at another man." Nan's confusion seemed to sanction this.

"There's only one thing to be done," interposed Aunt Viney decisively. "They're just got to go over to the circuit rider's next Sunday 'nd git married. After that's over 'nd done with, Mose, I do hope you'll behave yourself in futur'."

"Hain't I said I weren't a-goin' to 'still whisky any more?" said Mose. "Stillin's been at the bottom of all our troubles."

While the old folk talked, John took Nan's hand in his and they stealthily kissed each other.—*Perry Brown in New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

## Woolsey's Very Good Rifle Shot.

"The finest rifle shot that ever walked the soil of the West was a man named 'King' Woolsey, an old timer, who lived near Yuma, Arizona, in the good old stage days of the West," said Wallace McLaurin. "This man Woolsey was originally from Ohio. He moved to Arizona in his early childhood. When he was about the age of ten his father and mother were killed and scalped by the Apaches. He hid in the rocks and escaped. Five years later, when he was a mere boy, he went on the warpath for the Apaches, and he never spared one. He could not count exactly how many he had killed in his life.

"The last time I saw him was one day while the stage stopped to let the horses rest near Texas Hill, on the Gila River, in 1872. His fame as a rifle shot had spread all over the West, and the mention of his name filled the Apaches' hearts with fear and trembling. The passengers persuaded him to give an exhibition of his marksmanship and he consented. He nailed a board up to the side of a little shanty, and put 100 balls at a distance of 100 yards in the same place, without the difference of a sixteenth of an inch in 100 shots. He then drove the nails far into the board with 10 more shots. Everyone applauded. Then he took a common bullet, tied it to an infinitesimally small thread, fastened the thread to the limb of a tree 20 feet above the ground, placed a small neck bottle on the ground and started the bullet swinging to and fro. He walked back 50 paces, wheeled suddenly around and fired.

"Well, gentlemen, you may stuff me with sawdust and exhibit me at the World's Fair as the biggest liar in the universe if Woolsey didn't cut that string in twain with his rifle ball and make the bullet drop in the mouth of that bottle."—*St. Louis Republic.*

## Nat Burbank in N. O. Picayune.

A Charity bawl—Singing loudly in concert for the poor.

It is said there is a bare possibility of a bear movement in rice.

Like many other enterprises the football game has its pull back.

The man who is allowed to pocket the stuff will stuff his pockets.

The great interest taken in the Nicaragua canal augurs well for its success.

It is never necessary to tell the money-lender to take a little more interest in his business.

The more the walking delegate works the grower the more he growls about the injustice of the world.

Remember the poor, and remember to give them something when they call around to jog your memory.

In years past there have been a number of brilliant astronomical displays. But the last one was just out of sight.

The Boston *Traveller* says: "Medford is wide awake on the water, and the many question." It follows that the old village has gone to sleep on Medford rum questions.

A philosopher says "the first steps of love are found in admiring stares." This accounts for a couple at a party who are spooning on the stairs instead of dancing in the parlor.

## The Bad Boy In Winter.

The resemblance between man in his wildest state and the average modern boy is very striking. In fact, boys are no better than wild animals. Like wild animals, boys have strange calls and cries by which they recognize each other at a distance. Like wolves, they herd in gangs. They are quite as cruel as wild animals. They have ravenous appetites. The parallel might be continued indefinitely.

The city boy is, if possible, worse than the country boy. Winter affords the young city savage peculiar facilities for indulging in the cruel propensities. One of his modes of inflicting pain is to "fix a slide."

When there is a slight fall of snow on the sidewalk, the New York boy slides backwards and forwards, and in a short time the slide is ready. The boy covers the slide with snow and then waits for victims.

The portly old gentleman's feet fly up as if they were jerked upward by some unseen force. The air is absolutely lurid with hat, spectacles, cane, legs, arms and oaths. Then comes the usual dull, sickening thud.

The boy runs to the assistance of the fallen man; hopes he is not hurt; offers to send for an ambulance. The simple-minded old gentleman frequently rewards the kind-hearted little boy with a quarter.

Perhaps the next victim is a fat lady with a dude. While the wretched dude is being suffocated, the boy dances around and remarks: "I never did see such slippery weather. There is no telling who is going to fall next."

A thin man stands about on his head, while he writes his autograph on the sky with his heels.

Once in a while Nemesis overtakes the young fiend. A lynx eyed policeman has seen the little wretch setting his trap, and leads him off to his doom.—*Texas Siftings.*

## His Financial Programme.

He was a beggar with the old worn clothes, unwashed face, unkempt hair, and unbrushed shoes. He waded up to the counter of the Lindell late last night and told between his sobs, tears, groans, and sighs how his stomach yearned for a sandwich. Clerk Summer went to the safe, threw open its massive doors, and from its inner receptacles drew forth a new and shining five-cent piece, which he laid kindly and gently into the quivering and blackened beggar's hand.

"Now, my poor friend, what do you propose to do with that money?" seriously enquired the serious clerk.

The beggar looked down at his soiled and tattered garments. He scanned his benefactor curiously for a moment, and then in a tremulous tone said:

"Young man, you see me as I am, wearing the habiliments of an outcast. Yet I am honest, and I will give you a truthful answer. I shall first go and buy me a good supper, then I will take a bath and a cocktail, and maybap after that adorn this handsome form with a new suit of clothes. If there is any of it left after that I shall, upon my word, deposit it in the bank. I am exceedingly obliged. Good-day."—*St. Louis Republic.*

## The Day After Christmas.

Visitor—Well, Willy, did you have a good time yesterday?

Willy (in disgust)—No; I ain't half as sick as I was last Christmas.

# A HANDSOME NEW YEAR'S GIFT

We have still left some very choice Plush and Sealette Mantles in all the Newest Styles in

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## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

### Births.

RANEY—Dec. 23, Mrs. W. E. Raney—a son.
MASON—Dec. 25, Mrs. W. E. Mason—a daughter.
ROBERTS—Dec., Mrs William Roberts—a daughter.
O'HALLORAN—Dec. 23, Mrs D. O'Halloran—a daughter.
PARKER—Dec. 7, Mrs. Thos. Parker—a son.
AVONMORE—Dec. 1, Viscountess Avonmore—a daughter.
BOULTER—Nov. 18, Mrs. Harry C. Boulter—a son.

### Marriages.

ADAMSON—ROSE—On Wednesday, December 21, Fred Great Adamson of Chicago, to Annie Bella Rose of Toronto.
BROWNING—TUTTY—Dec. 21, Harold Browning to Mary Tutty.
KENRICK—BASTABLE—Dec. 23, Robert Boteie Kenrick to Adelaide Mary Bastable.
MILLIKEN—THOMSON—Dec. 21, Norman I. Milliken to Charlotte Thomson.
WILLIAMS—MACMAHON—On Monday December 26, at St. Paul's church, Toronto, by the Rev. T. C. DesBarres, Henry G Williams, B.A of Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines to Lizzie, eldest daughter of the late T. B. Macmahon, L.L. B., Judge of the County of Norfolk.
CURRAN—KING—Dec. 24, James W. Curran to C. M. King.
PETERKIN—McCALLUM—Nov. 11, Frederick A. Peterkin to Zizie McCallum.
LOW—SKINNER—Dec. 21, James Low to Helen Skinner.
SIMPSON—SEGSWORTH—Dec. 26, Irwin Simpson to Mary Segsworth.
HOBBS—SILVERTON—Dec., George Hobbs to Bella Silverton.
GRAY—MILNE—Dec. 22, William Gray to Hannah Milne.
BUSSILL—HODGINS—Nov. 21, at St. Andrew's church, Bombay by Rev. Thomas H. Greig, Senior Chaplain Church of Scotland, Rev. Norman H. Russill of the Cabadian Mission, Mhow, C. I., to Wilhelmina, second daughter of John C. Hodgins of Toronto, Canada.

### Deaths.

PHILLIPS—J. W. Phillips, at his residence, 403 Bloor street west, in his 53rd year, on December 27. St. Johns, Newfoundland, papers please copy.
McCRANEY—Dec. 26, M. S McCraney, aged 60.
PHILLIPS—Dec. 27, J. W. Phillips, aged 52.
STREET—Dec. 27, Herbert C. Street, aged 41.
HOME—Dec. 27, Mary Home.
BENS—Dec. 27, Julian Bens, aged 94.
EDWARDS—Dec. 27, Agnes Edwards, aged 24.
McCULLOCH—Dec. 26, D. McCulloch, aged 43.
SMITH—Dec. 26, Ellen Smith, aged 73.
STANBURY—Dec. 26, James Stanbury, aged 74.
THOMPSON—Dec 23, Mary Thompson, aged 88.
DEFRIES—Dec. 23, Richard Defries, aged 61.
FRASER—Dec 25, Rev. W. Fraser, aged 84.
CALLIGHAN—Dec. 25, Alice A. Calligham, aged 52.
MIDDLETON—Dec. 25, Ernest G. Middleton, aged 16.
CHOATE—Dec. 25, E. A. Choate, aged 68.
WALLS—Dec. 24, Sophia Fred Walls.
CAMPBELL—Dec 25, Johanna Campbell, aged 36.
TAYLOR—Dec. 25, Elizabeth H. Taylor.
REVELEY—Dec. 25, Mrs. G. Reveley, aged 84.
HORSEY—Dec. 26, Lieutenant Horsey, aged 27.

**Royal Dux Bohemia Figures**

New Glass Table Decorations in White and Gold, Green and Gold, &c.

WILLIAM JUNOR

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